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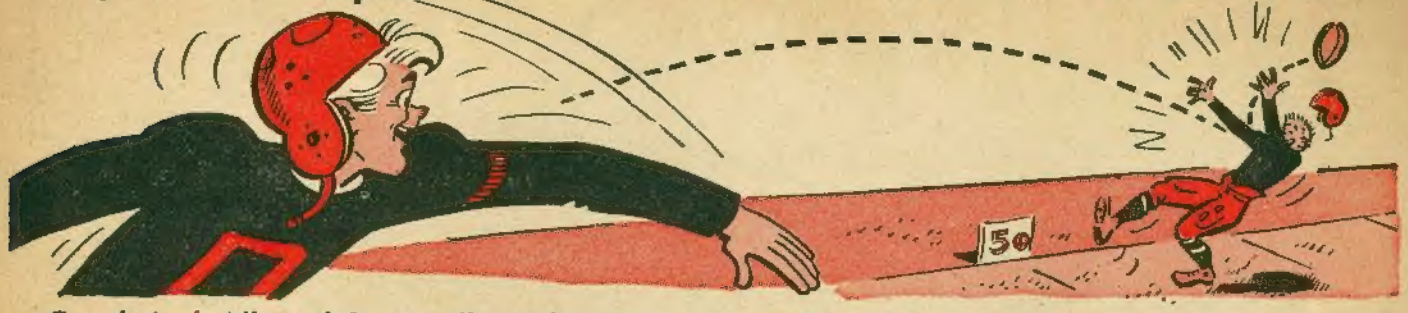
HENRY ALDRICH

OCT.-NOV. 10¢

HENRY ALDRICH football favorite



Coach Jack Allen of Centerville High called his hot, tired squad together after football practice one afternoon.

"Men," he announced, "as you all know, our first game is coming up this Saturday, and the time has come for me to assign you to teams and positions."

When he was through, there was a group left unassigned. One of these was Henry Aldrich.

"Ah, Coach, I believe you forgot my name . . ."

"No, Aldrich," answered Mr. Allen, "I'm afraid we can't use you this year . . . you see, you're still pretty light, and . . ."

"I could eat more . . ." Henry interrupted hopefully, "you know, bananas . . . huh?"

The coach smiled. "Forty-five pounds is a lot to gain in two days, Aldrich."

"But say," he added, "we *could* use a man of your spirit and drive . . ."

Henry brightened considerably. "Y-yes?"

". . . as assistant manager!"

At least this was more or less being on the team so Henry happily took the job. And his first assignment was to get the uniforms to the laundry and back, in time for Saturday's game.

He rushed out and called the laundry. The woman assured Henry that if she had his uniforms by eight that evening, he could still have them on a special the following morning.

"Good, I can stop by and pick up the uniforms from school on my way to Geraldine's tonight," Henry said to himself.

Geraldine was sitting on the porch with her father when Henry drove up.

"Good evening, Mr. Love," said Henry. "Hi, Geraldine!"

"Henry, I was just telling father your idea on the single wing formation . . ."

"Hello, Henry," smiled Mr. Love. "Yes, I'll be there Saturday to see it in action when you come out in our crimson uniform!"

"Uniform . . . gee whiz!" Henry cried. "Excuse me . . . !" And he jumped into the car and drove off!

Mr. Love looked at Geraldine. "Mmm, strange lad," he muttered.

Henry had forgotten those uniforms again, and, of course, when he got to the gym to pick them up he found it locked, so he called his friend, Homer Brown, for advice.

Homer came down immediately and quickly summed up the situation.

"I know of a loose window, Henry," he suggested. "Shall we chance it?"

"Sure, Homer, anything!"

The two boys managed to get into the gym through the window. "No lights, Henry," whispered Homer, crashing over a folding chair

"Sh, Homer," Henry warned, "watch the noise." And he proceeded to knock down a bunch of Indian clubs and stumble over the wrestling mat.

Groping his way, Henry finally felt several large bundles. "Here they are," he whispered, and in the dark loaded Homer down with half of them.

(Continued on inside back cover)

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HENRY ALDRICH
I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE NOW, HENRY... I PROMISED TO MEET MRS. CONWAY AT ONE-THIRTY, AND THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME--
GEE WHIZ, MOTHER, I TOLD YOU YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND UNTIL I WAS THROUGH EATING! I'LL CLEAN UP EVERYTHING!
MILK
I'LL HAVE TO ORDER SOME GROCERIES, TOO... WE'RE VERY LOW ON A NUMBER OF ITEMS...
YOU CAN RUN ALONG NOW, MOTHER... AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING-- JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME.
A GOOD TIME? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU THAT MRS. CONWAY IS TAKING ME TO HER DENTIST!
OH, YES--THE ONE WITH THE NEW TECHNIQUE... WELL... JUST RELAX, MOTHER, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANY-THING HERE!
YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING SPICK-AND-SPAN WHEN YOU GET BACK.
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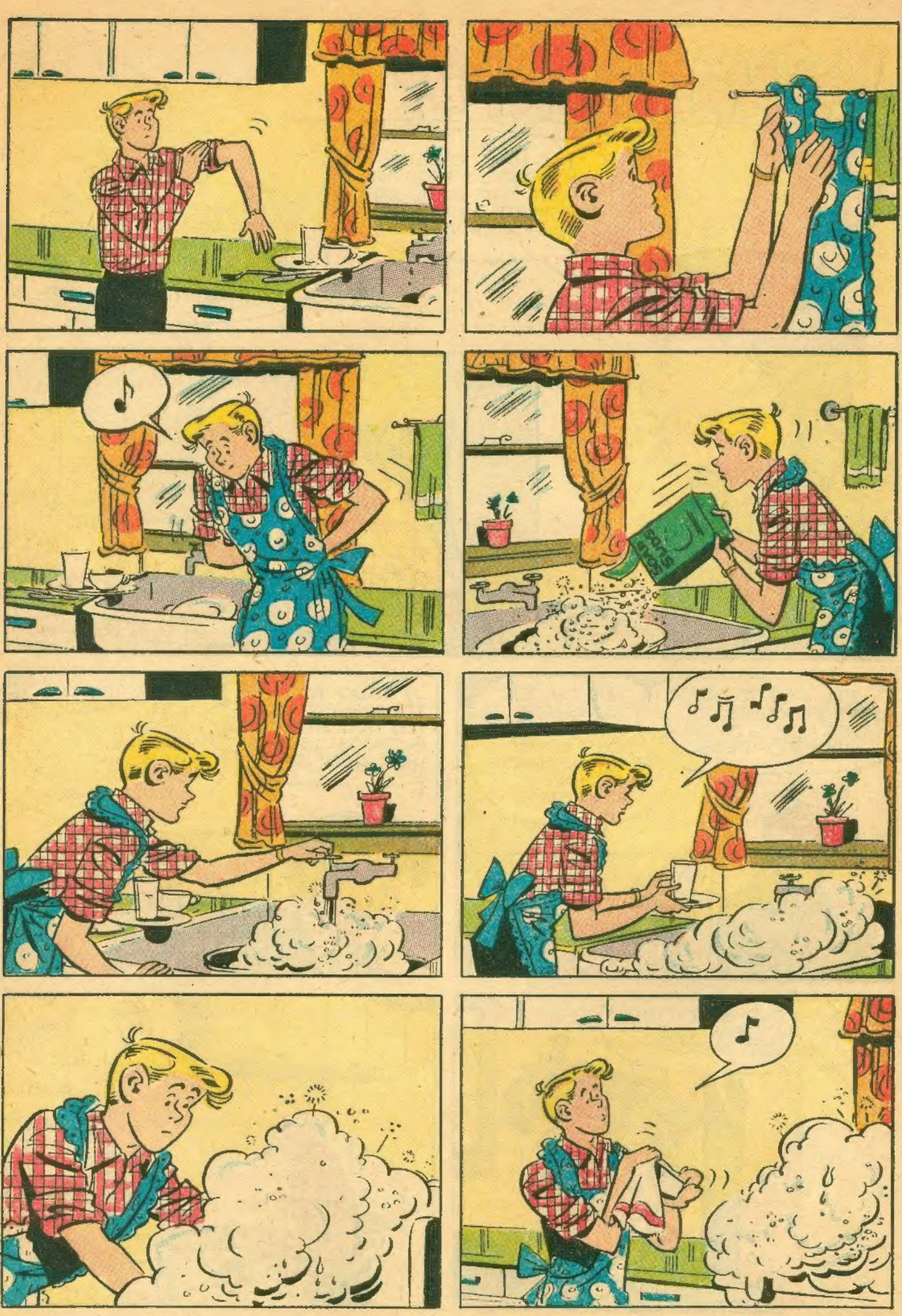
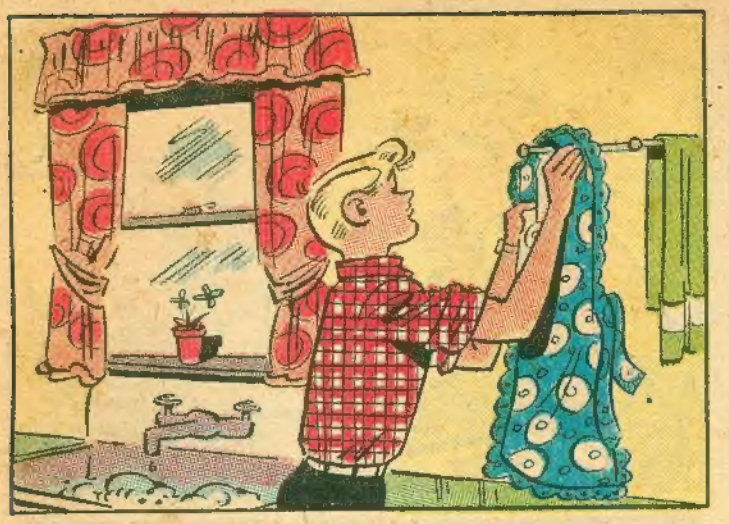
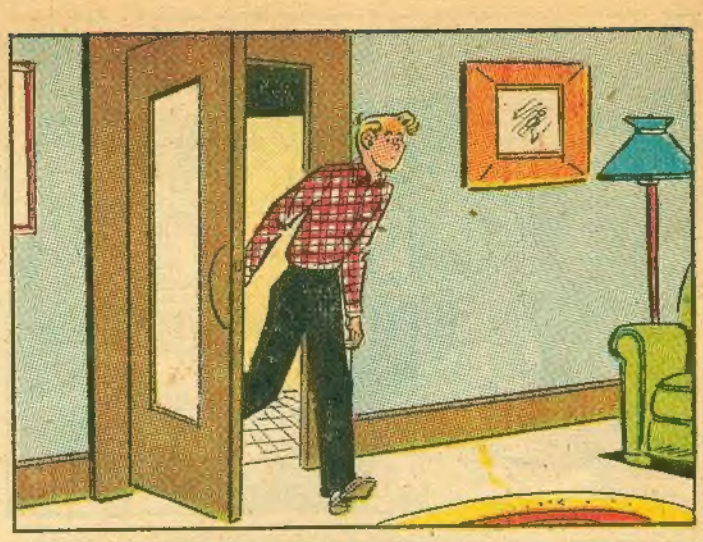
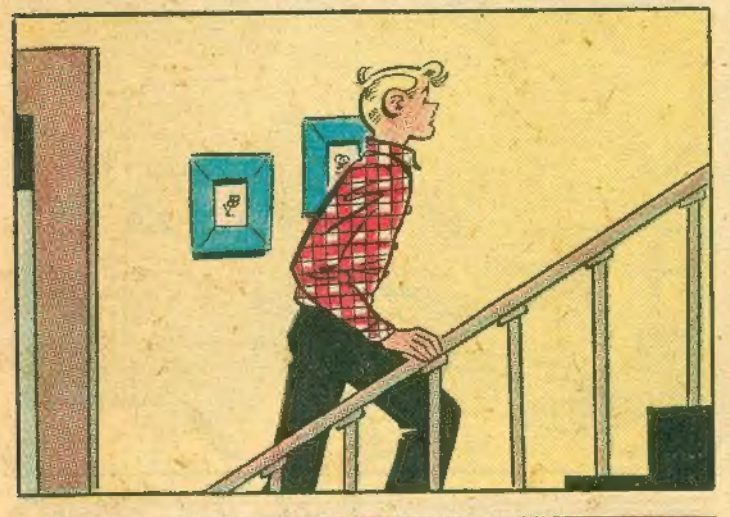
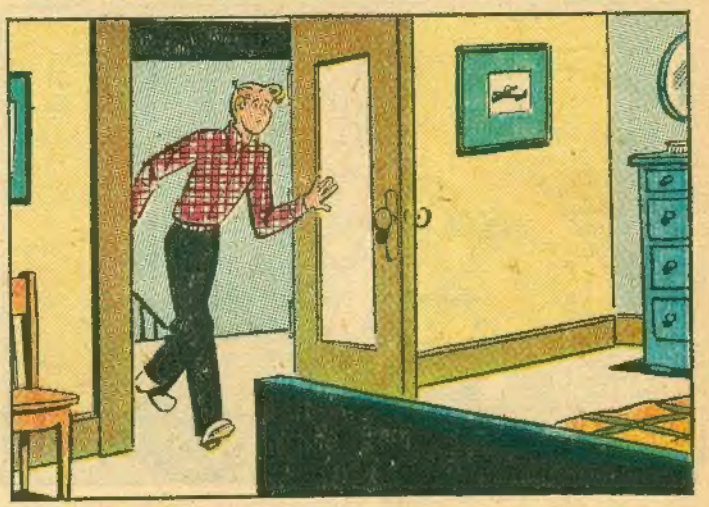
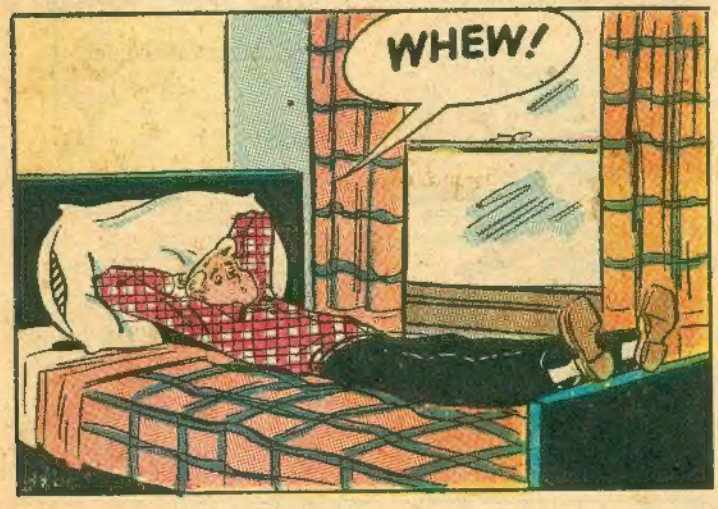


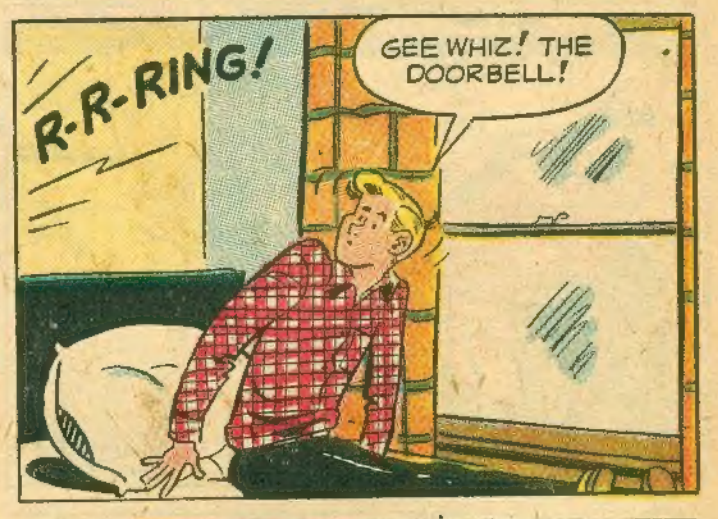




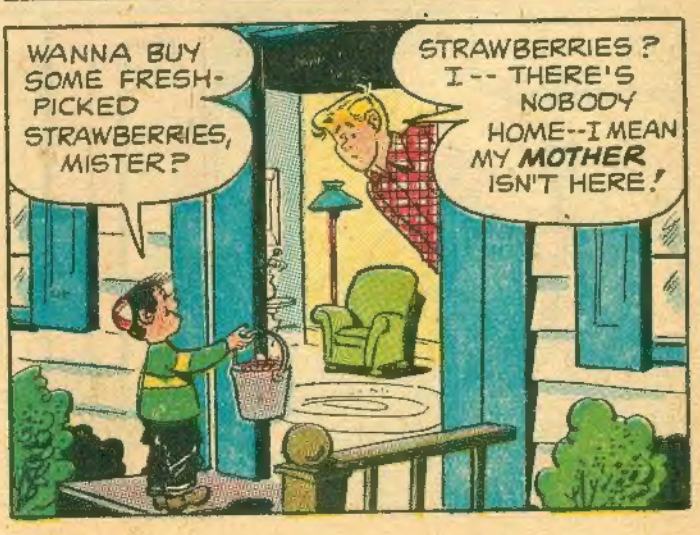


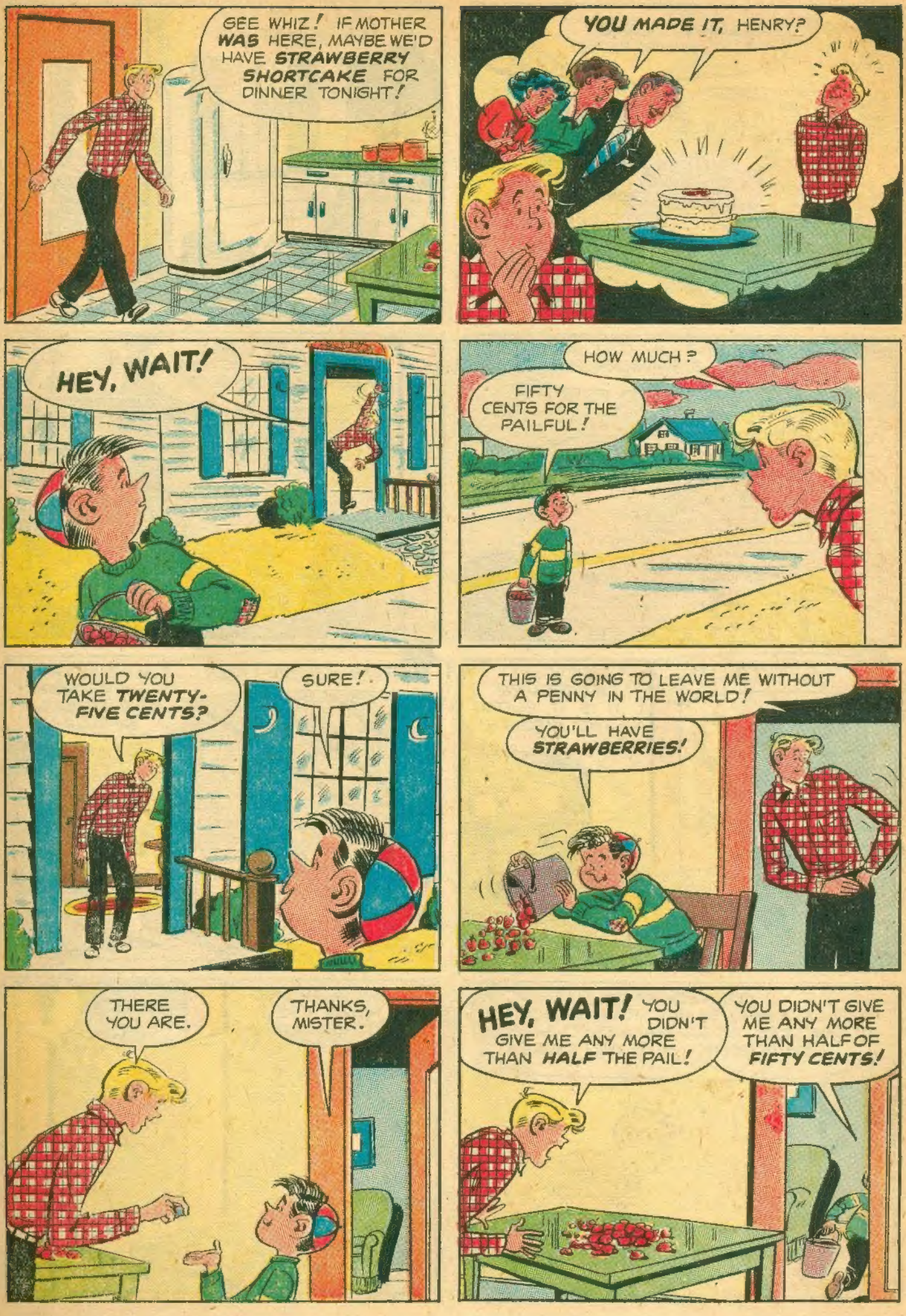


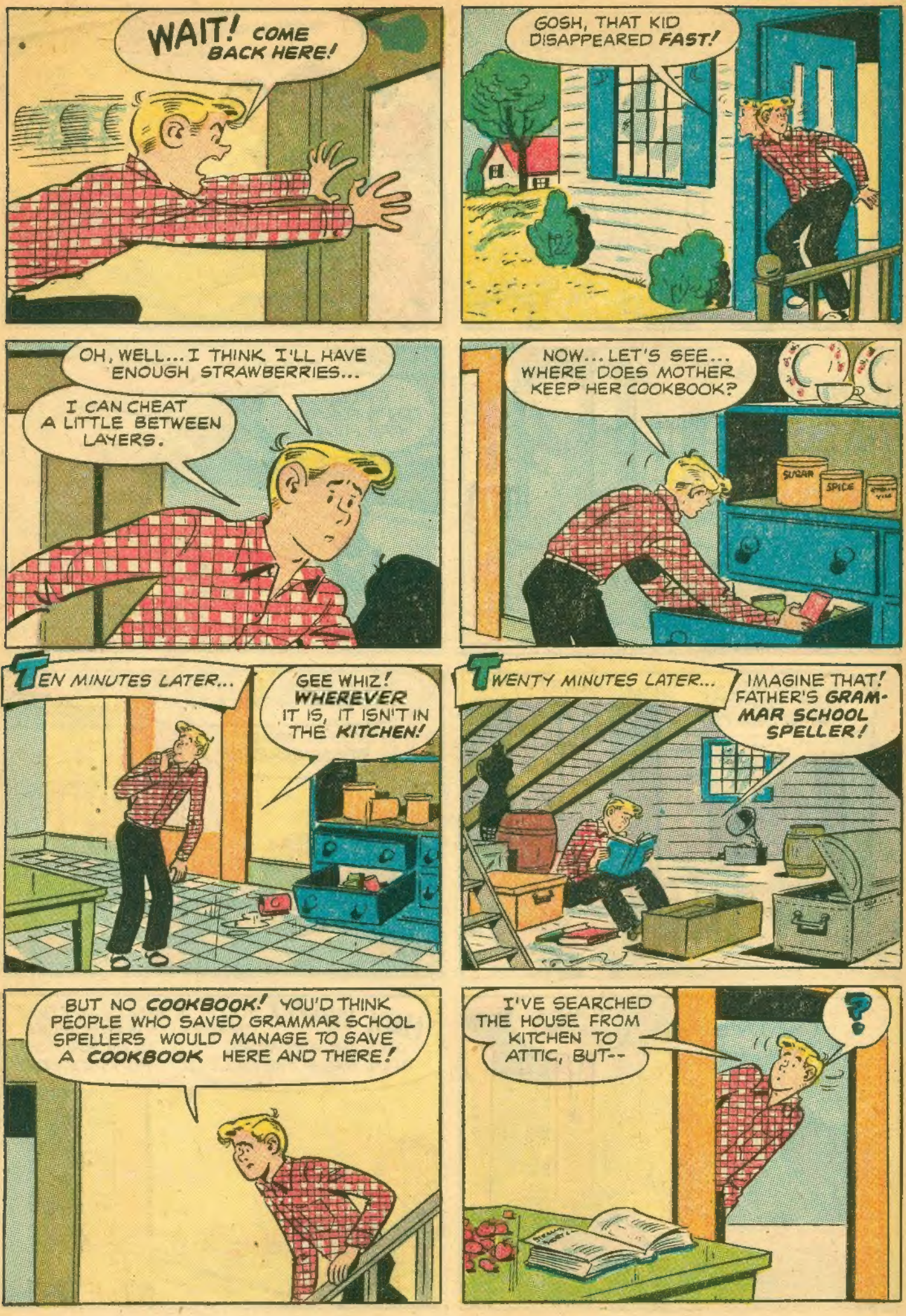

WHEW!

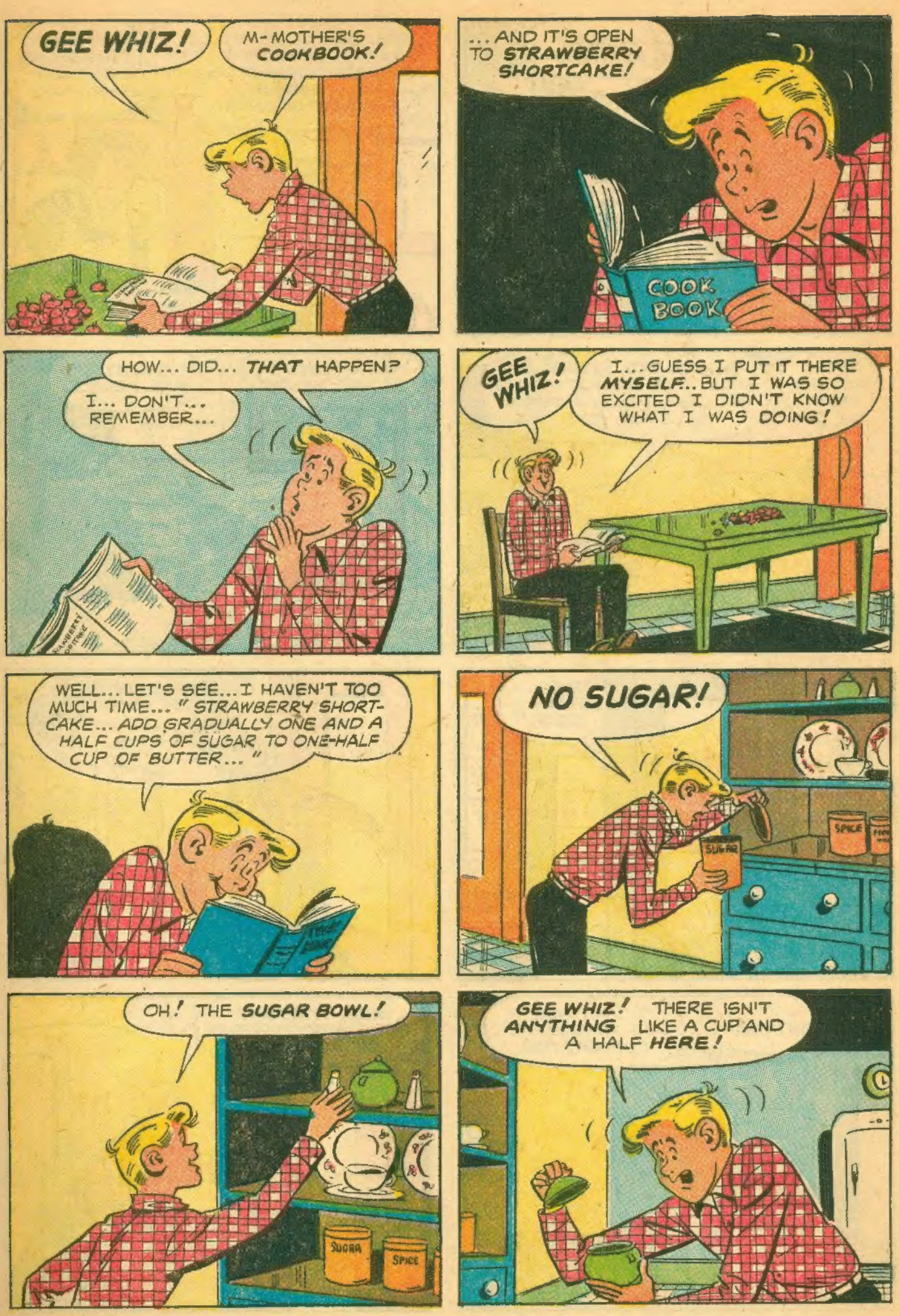

R-R-RING!
GEE WHIZ! THE DOORBELL!

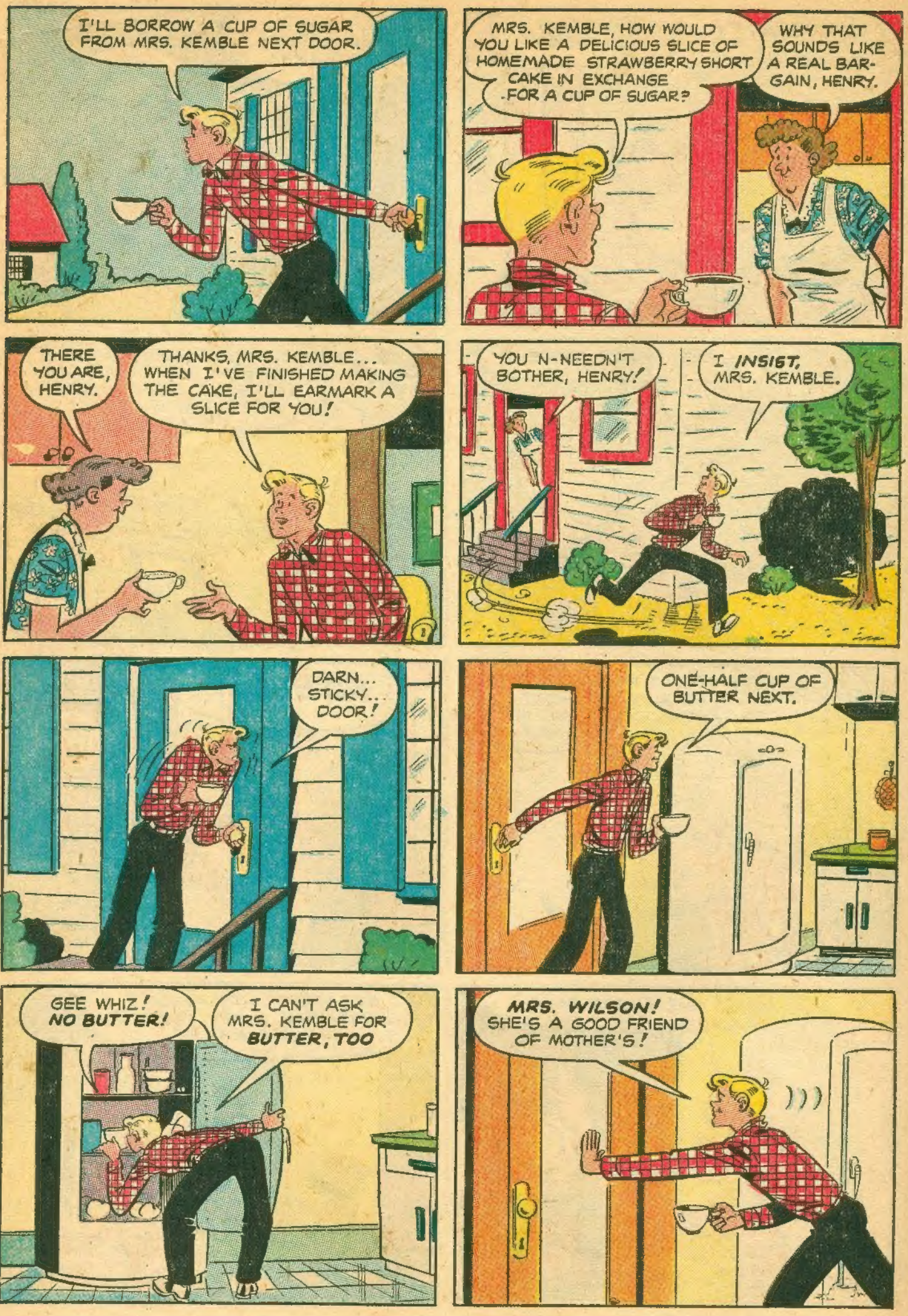
COMING!

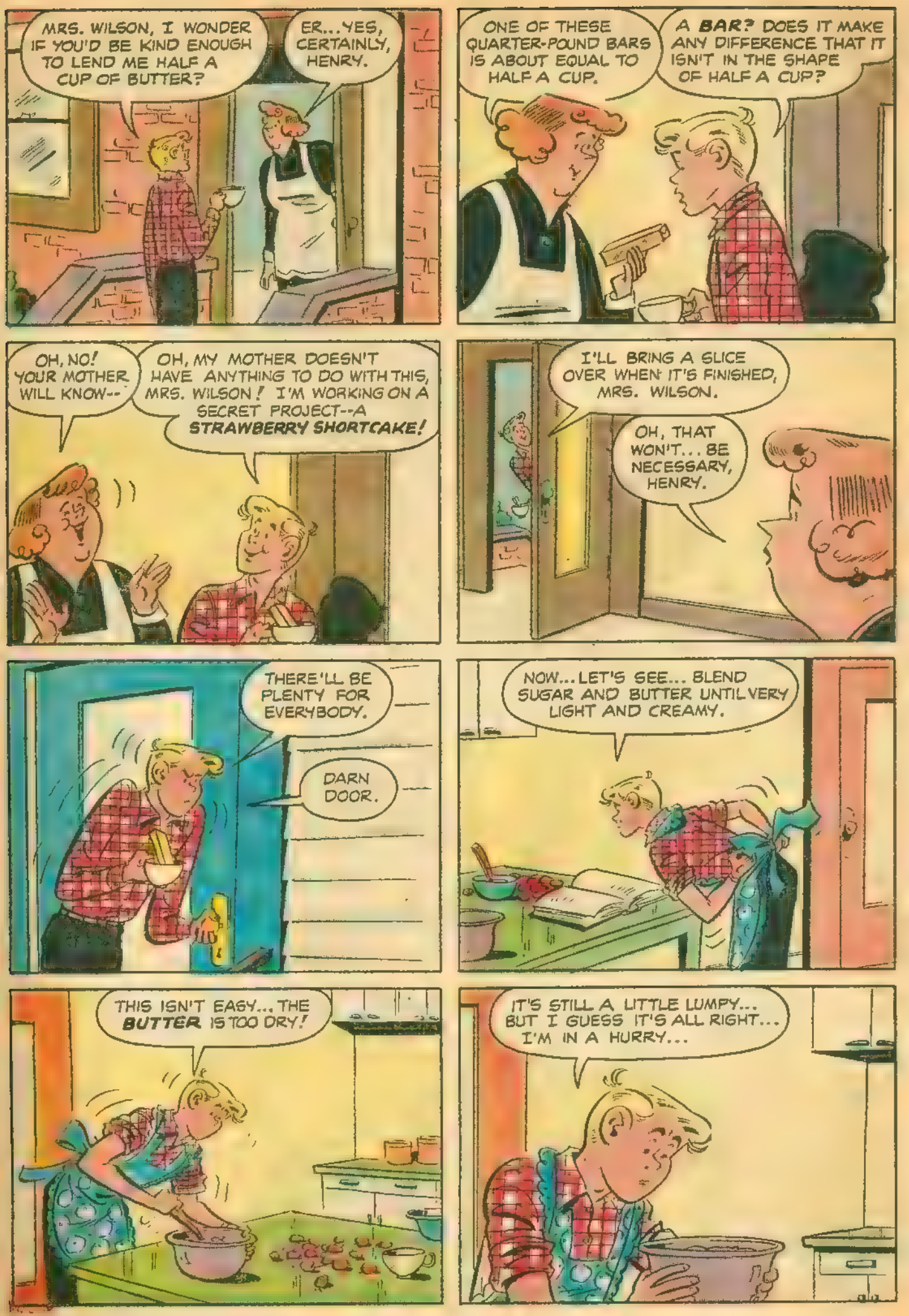

WANNA BUY SOME FRESH-PICKED STRAWBERRIES, MISTER?
STRAWBERRIES? I -- THERE'S NOBODY HOME--I MEAN MY MOTHER ISN'T HERE!

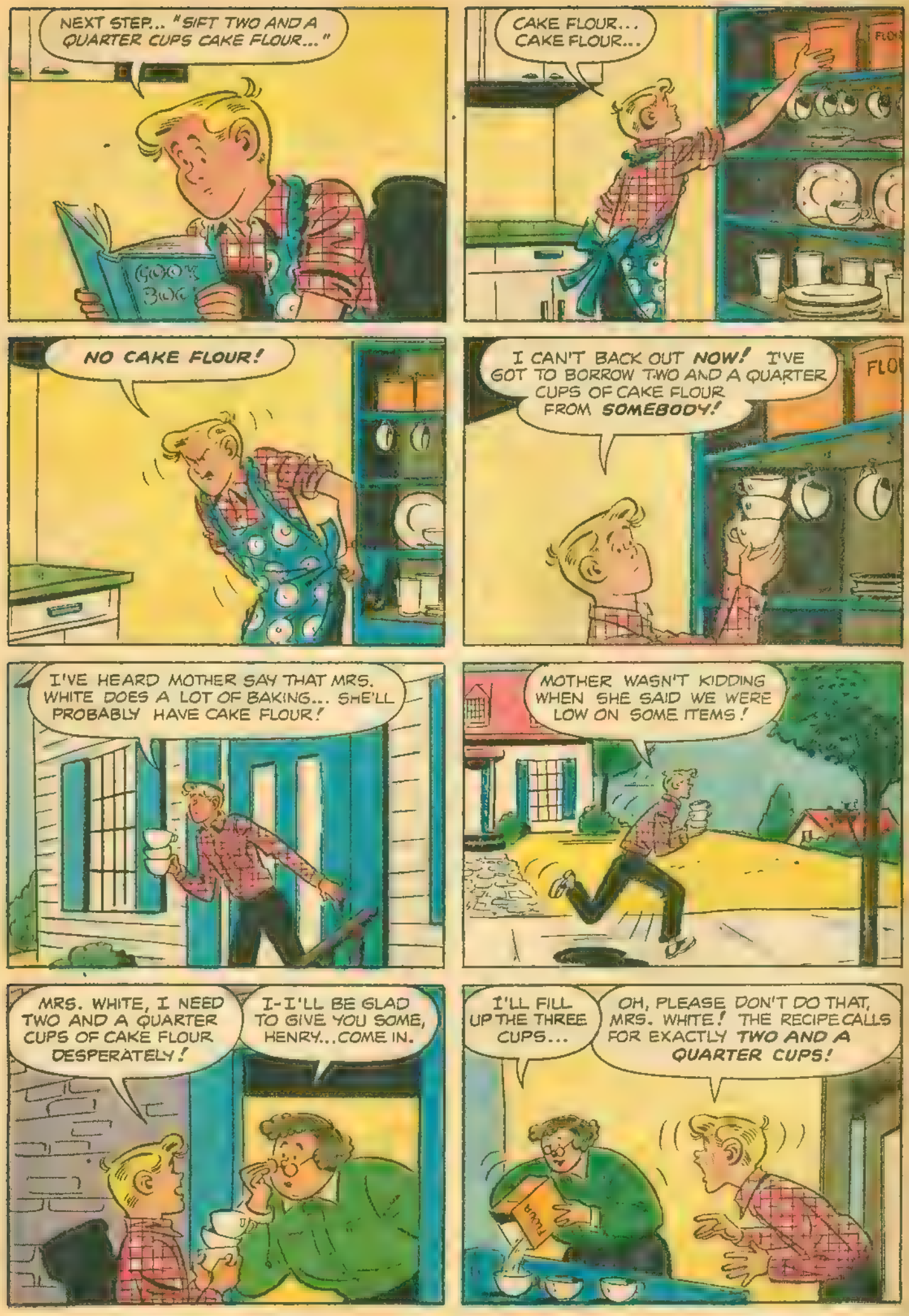

GEE WHIZ! IF MOTHER WAS HERE, MAYBE WE'D HAVE STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE FOR DINNER TONIGHT!
YOU MADE IT, HENRY?
HEY, WAIT!
HOW MUCH?
FIFTY CENTS FOR THE PAILFUL!
WOULD YOU TAKE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS?
SURE!
THIS IS GOING TO LEAVE ME WITHOUT A PENNY IN THE WORLD!
YOU'LL HAVE STRAWBERRIES!
THERE YOU ARE.
THANKS, MISTER.
HEY, WAIT! YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME ANY MORE THAN HALF THE PAIL!
YOU DIDN'T GIVE ME ANY MORE THAN HALF OF FIFTY CENTS!


WAIT! COME BACK HERE!
GOSH, THAT KID DISAPPEARED FAST!
OH, WELL... I THINK I'LL HAVE ENOUGH STRAWBERRIES...
I CAN CHEAT A LITTLE BETWEEN LAYERS.
NOW... LET'S SEE... WHERE DOES MOTHER KEEP HER COOKBOOK?
SUGAR
SPICE
TEN MINUTES LATER...
GEE WHIZ! WHEREVER IT IS, IT ISN'T IN THE KITCHEN!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
IMAGINE THAT! FATHER'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPELLER!
BUT NO COOKBOOK! YOU'D THINK PEOPLE WHO SAVED GRAMMAR SCHOOL SPELLERS WOULD MANAGE TO SAVE A COOKBOOK HERE AND THERE!
I'VE SEARCHED THE HOUSE FROM KITCHEN TO ATTIC, BUT--
?

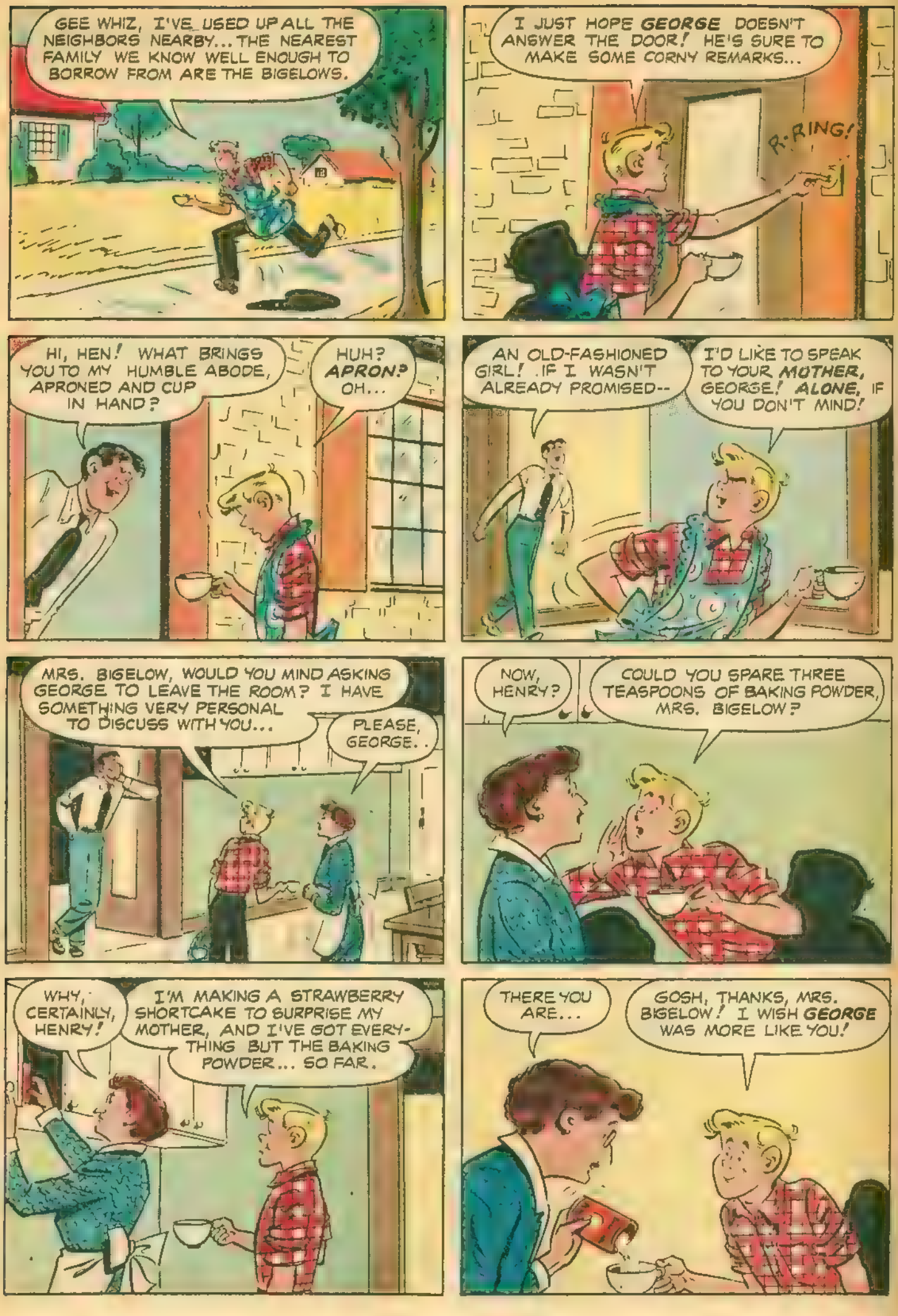

GEE WHIZ!
M-MOTHER'S COOKBOOK!
...AND IT'S OPEN TO STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!
COOK BOOK
HOW... DID... THAT HAPPEN?
I... DON'T... REMEMBER...
GEE WHIZ!
I...GUESS I PUT IT THERE MYSELF..BUT I WAS SO EXCITED I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING!
WELL... LET'S SEE...I HAVEN'T TOO MUCH TIME... " STRAWBERRY SHORT-CAKE... ADD GRADUALLY ONE AND A HALF CUPS OF SUGAR TO ONE-HALF CUP OF BUTTER... "
NO SUGAR!
SPICE
OH! THE SUGAR BOWL!
SUGAR
SPICE
GEE WHIZ! THERE ISN'T ANYTHING LIKE A CUP AND A HALF HERE!

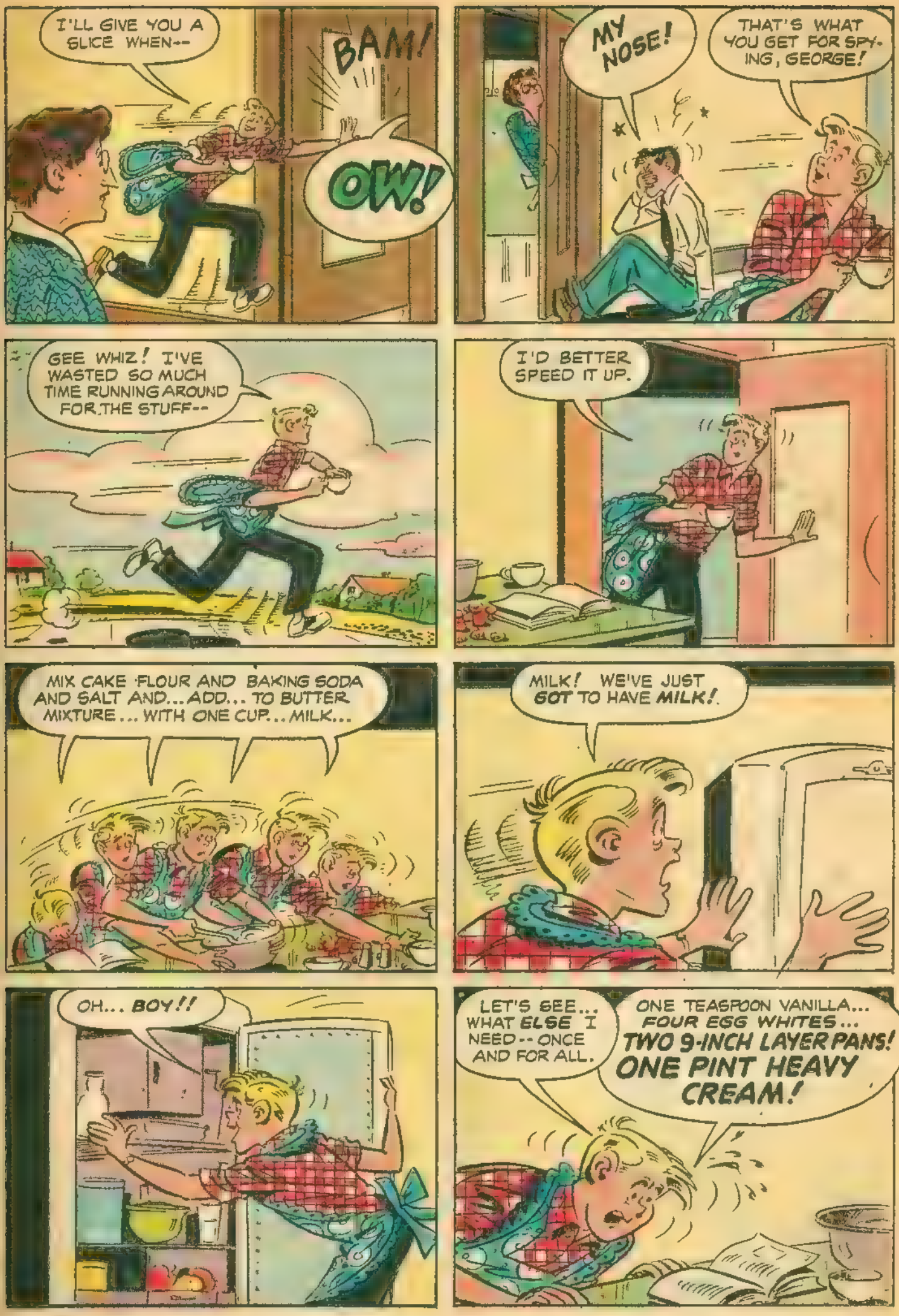

I'LL BORROW A CUP OF SUGAR FROM MRS. KEMBLE NEXT DOOR.
MRS. KEMBLE, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DELICIOUS SLICE OF HOMEMADE STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE IN EXCHANGE FOR A CUP OF SUGAR?
WHY THAT SOUNDS LIKE A REAL BARGAIN, HENRY.
THERE YOU ARE, HENRY.
THANKS, MRS. KEMBLE... WHEN I'VE FINISHED MAKING THE CAKE, I'LL EARMARK A SLICE FOR YOU!
YOU N-NEEDN'T BOTHER, HENRY!
I INSIST, MRS. KEMBLE.
DARN... STICKY... DOOR!
ONE-HALF CUP OF BUTTER NEXT.
GEE WHIZ! NO BUTTER!
I CAN'T ASK MRS. KEMBLE FOR BUTTER, TOO
MRS. WILSON! SHE'S A GOOD FRIEND OF MOTHER'S!


MRS. WILSON, I WONDER IF YOU'D BE KIND ENOUGH TO LEND ME HALF A CUP OF BUTTER?
ER...YES, CERTAINLY, HENRY.
ONE OF THESE QUARTER-POUND BARS IS ABOUT EQUAL TO HALF A CUP.
A BAR? DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE THAT IT ISN'T IN THE SHAPE OF HALF A CUP?
OH, NO! YOUR MOTHER WILL KNOW--
OH, MY MOTHER DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS, MRS. WILSON! I'M WORKING ON A SECRET PROJECT--A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!
I'LL BRING A SLICE OVER WHEN IT'S FINISHED, MRS. WILSON.
OH, THAT WON'T... BE NECESSARY, HENRY.
THERE'LL BE PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY.
DARN DOOR.
NOW... LET'S SEE... BLEND SUGAR AND BUTTER UNTIL VERY LIGHT AND CREAMY.
THIS ISN'T EASY... THE BUTTER IS TOO DRY!
IT'S STILL A LITTLE LUMPY... BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT... I'M IN A HURRY...

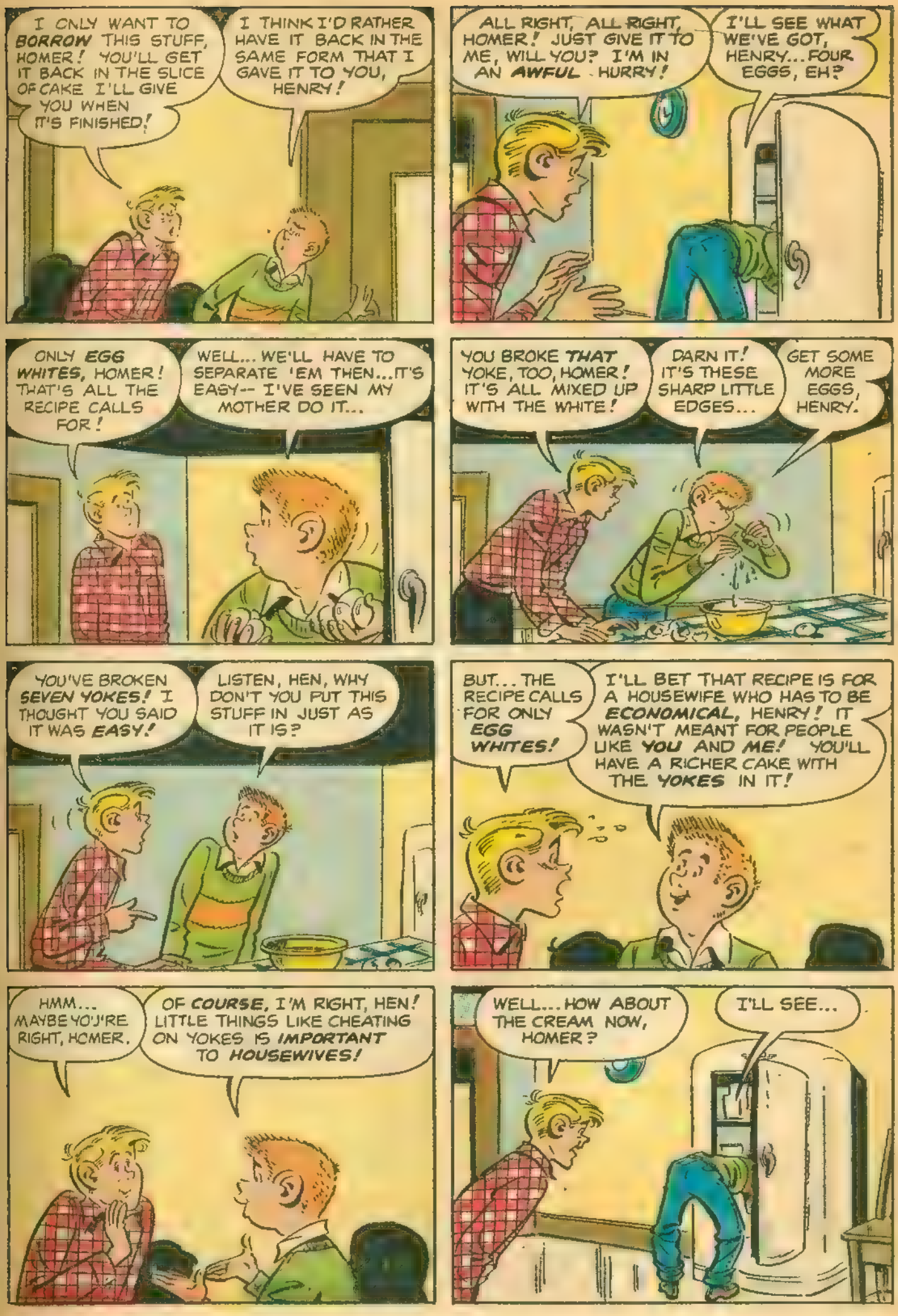

NEXT STEP... "SIFT TWO AND A QUARTER CUPS CAKE FLOUR..."
COOK BOOK
CAKE FLOUR... CAKE FLOUR...
NO CAKE FLOUR!
I CAN'T BACK OUT NOW! I'VE GOT TO BORROW TWO AND A QUARTER CUPS OF CAKE FLOUR FROM SOMEBODY!
I'VE HEARD MOTHER SAY THAT MRS. WHITE DOES A LOT OF BAKING... SHE'LL PROBABLY HAVE CAKE FLOUR!
MOTHER WASN'T KIDDING WHEN SHE SAID WE WERE LOW ON SOME ITEMS!
MRS. WHITE, I NEED TWO AND A QUARTER CUPS OF CAKE FLOUR DESPERATELY!
I-I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU SOME, HENRY...COME IN.
I'LL FILL UP THE THREE CUPS...
OH, PLEASE DON'T DO THAT, MRS. WHITE! THE RECIPE CALLS FOR EXACTLY TWO AND A QUARTER CUPS!
FLOUR

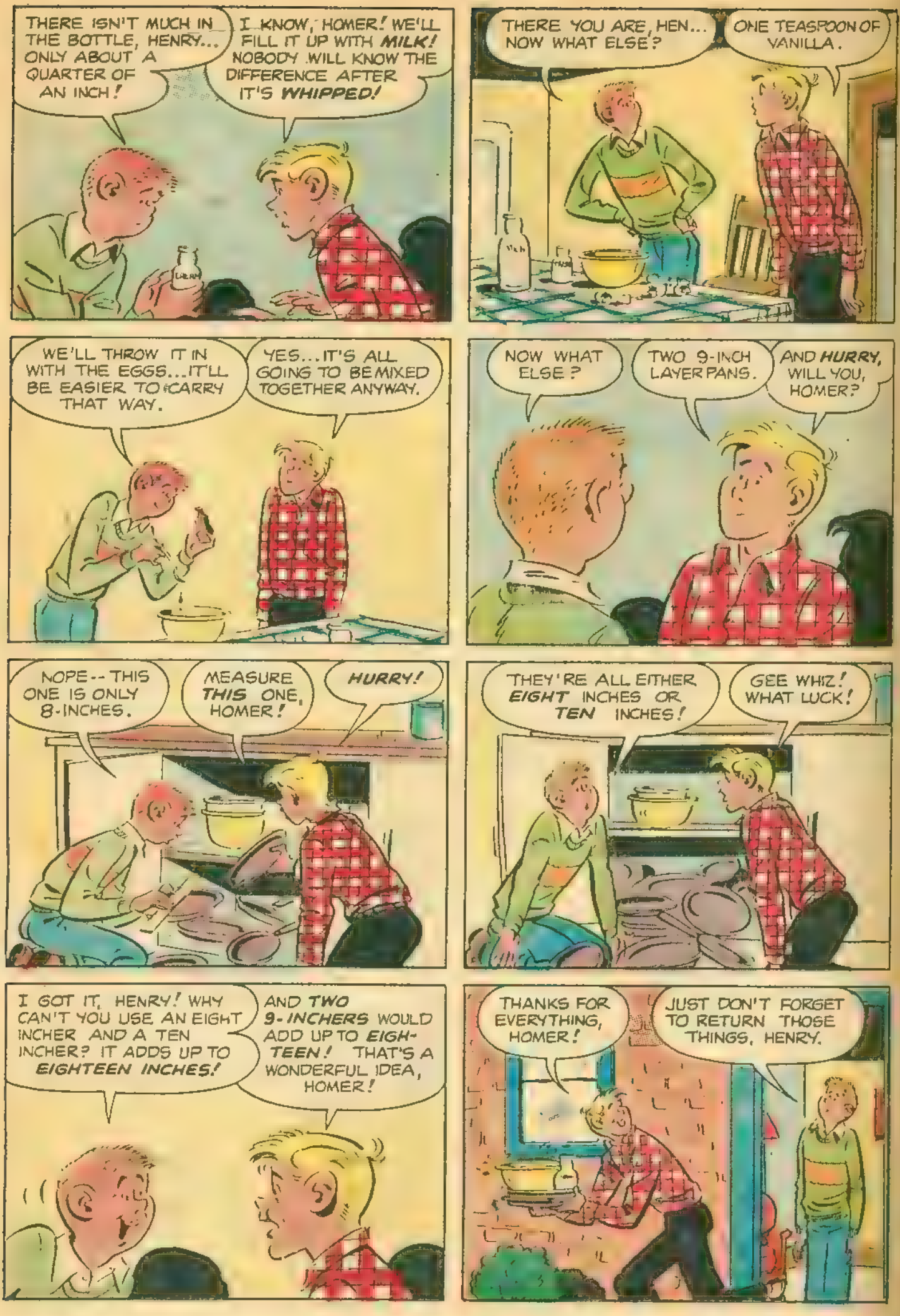
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR AN OLD HAND LIKE YOU, MRS. WHITE, BUT I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH EXPERIENCE...
ARE... YOU MAKING SOMETHING, HENRY?
FLOUR
I BET YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHAT, MRS. WHITE!
ER... WALLPAPER PASTE?
NOPE! A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE!
OH... HOW NICE!
I'LL SAVE A SLICE FOR YOU, MRS. WHITE!
THAT'S THREE SLICES I'VE PROMISED... WELL, THERE'LL BE ENOUGH LEFT FOR THE FAMILY...
"SIFT TWO AND A QUARTER CUPS OF FLOUR WITH THREE TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER... ADD ONE TEASPOON SALT..."
I NEED BAKING POWDER... I JUST HOPE--
NO BAKING POWDER!
FLOUR
I'M NOT GIVING UP NOW!
SLAM!

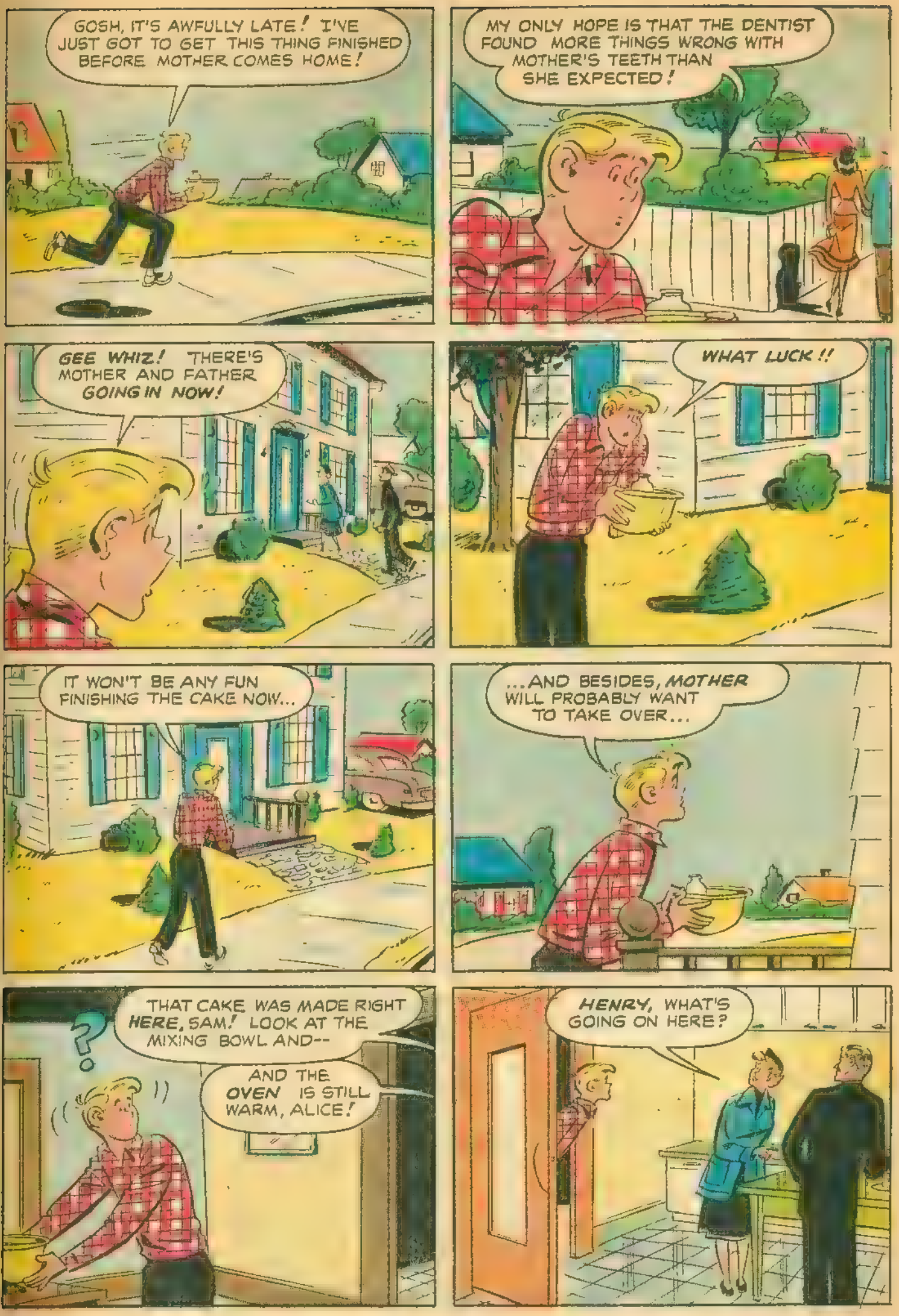

GEE WHIZ, I'VE USED UP ALL THE NEIGHBORS NEARBY... THE NEAREST FAMILY WE KNOW WELL ENOUGH TO BORROW FROM ARE THE BIGELOWS.
I JUST HOPE GEORGE DOESN'T ANSWER THE DOOR! HE'S SURE TO MAKE SOME CORNY REMARKS...
R-RING!
HI, HEN! WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY HUMBLE ABODE, APRONED AND CUP IN HAND?
HUH? APRON? OH...
AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL! IF I WASN'T ALREADY PROMISED--
I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER, GEORGE! ALONE, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
MRS. BIGELOW, WOULD YOU MIND ASKING GEORGE TO LEAVE THE ROOM? I HAVE SOMETHING VERY PERSONAL TO DISCUSS WITH YOU...
PLEASE, GEORGE..
NOW, HENRY?
COULD YOU SPARE THREE TEASPOONS OF BAKING POWDER, MRS. BIGELOW?
WHY, CERTAINLY, HENRY!
I'M MAKING A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE TO SURPRISE MY MOTHER, AND I'VE GOT EVERY-THING BUT THE BAKING POWDER... SO FAR.
THERE YOU ARE...
GOSH, THANKS, MRS. BIGELOW! I WISH GEORGE WAS MORE LIKE YOU!


I'LL GIVE YOU A SLICE WHEN--
BAM!
OW!
MY NOSE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SPYING, GEORGE!
GEE WHIZ! I'VE WASTED SO MUCH TIME RUNNING AROUND FOR THE STUFF--
I'D BETTER SPEED IT UP.
MIX CAKE FLOUR AND BAKING SODA AND SALT AND... ADD... TO BUTTER MIXTURE... WITH ONE CUP... MILK...
MILK! WE'VE JUST GOT TO HAVE MILK!
OH... BOY!!
LET'S SEE... WHAT ELSE I NEED -- ONCE AND FOR ALL.
ONE TEASPOON VANILLA... FOUR EGG WHITES... TWO 9-INCH LAYER PANS! ONE PINT HEAVY CREAM!

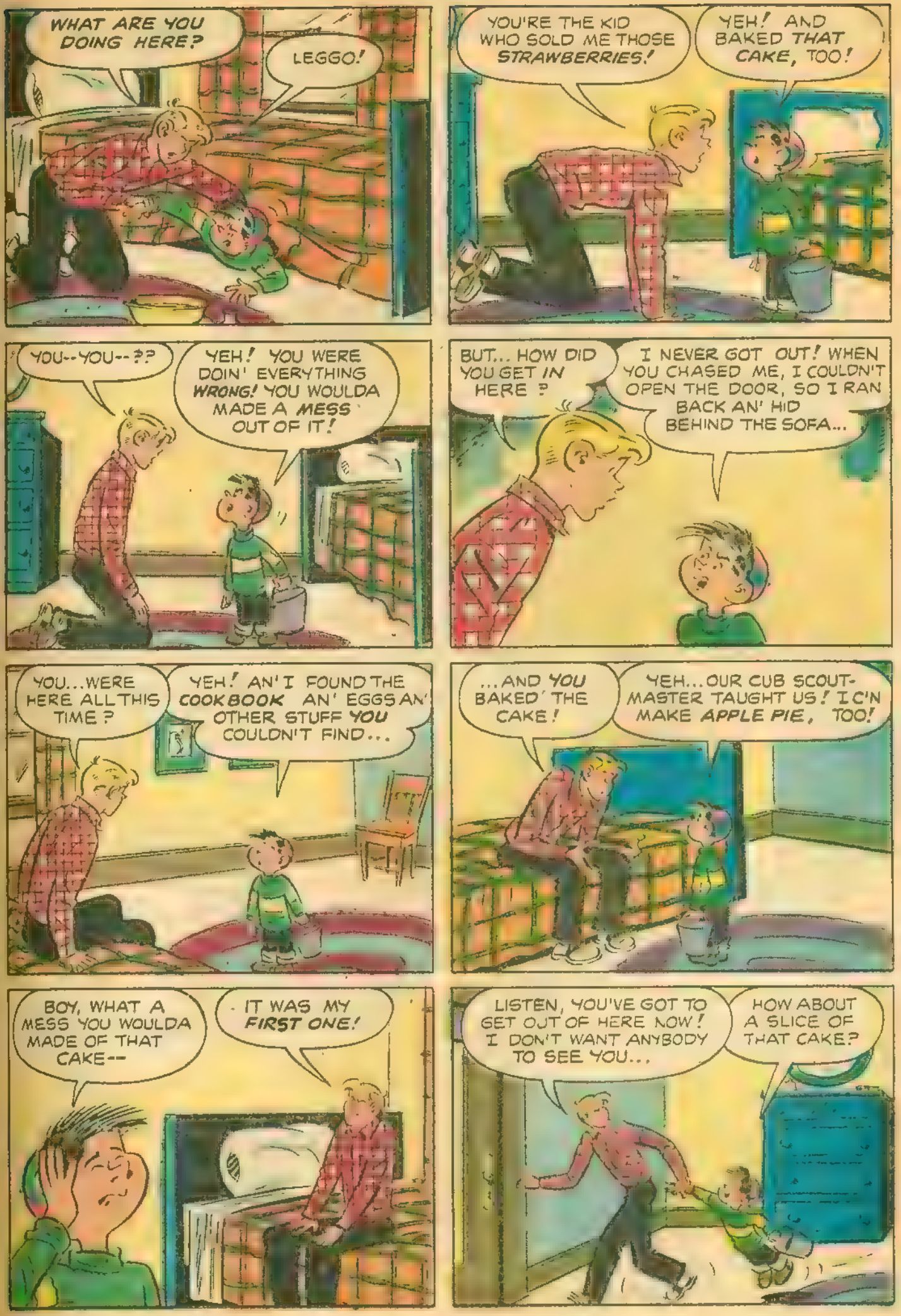
I DIDN'T... REALIZE... THERE WERE SO MANY... THINGS...
I KNEW IT-- NO EGGS, NO VANILLA... NO CREAM...
MAYBE I CAN GET THEM FROM HOMER'S MOTHER!
GEE WHIZ, WHY DO THEY HAVE TO LIVE SO FAR AWAY?
I... DON'T KNOW... WHAT I'LL DO IF THERE'S... NOBODY... HOME!
HOMER! AM I... GLAD... TO... SEE... YOU!
GOSH, HENRY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I NEED FOUR EGG WHITES, ONE TEASPOON OF VANILLA, ONE PINT OF HEAVY CREAM AND--
WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE RUNNING, HENRY-- A SUPERMARKET?
IT'S IMPORTANT, HOMER! I'M MAKING A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE, AND ALL I NEED NOW ARE THOSE FEW THINGS!
FEW THINGS? GOSH, YOU COULD KEEP A FAMILY OF FIVE FOR A WEEK--


I ONLY WANT TO BORROW THIS STUFF, HOMER! YOU'LL GET IT BACK IN THE SLICE OF CAKE I'LL GIVE YOU WHEN IT'S FINISHED!
I THINK I'D RATHER HAVE IT BACK IN THE SAME FORM THAT I GAVE IT TO YOU, HENRY!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, HOMER! JUST GIVE IT TO ME, WILL YOU? I'M IN AN AWFUL HURRY!
I'LL SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT, HENRY... FOUR EGGS, EH?
ONLY EGG WHITES, HOMER! THAT'S ALL THE RECIPE CALLS FOR!
WELL... WE'LL HAVE TO SEPARATE 'EM THEN... IT'S EASY-- I'VE SEEN MY MOTHER DO IT...
YOU BROKE THAT YOKE, TOO, HOMER! IT'S ALL MIXED UP WITH THE WHITE!
DARN IT! IT'S THESE SHARP LITTLE EDGES...
GET SOME MORE EGGS, HENRY.
YOU'VE BROKEN SEVEN YOKES! I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS EASY!
LISTEN, HEN, WHY DON'T YOU PUT THIS STUFF IN JUST AS IT IS?
BUT... THE RECIPE CALLS FOR ONLY EGG WHITES!
I'LL BET THAT RECIPE IS FOR A HOUSEWIFE WHO HAS TO BE ECONOMICAL, HENRY! IT WASN'T MEANT FOR PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME! YOU'LL HAVE A RICHER CAKE WITH THE YOKES IN IT!
HMM... MAYBE YO'J'RE RIGHT, HOMER.
OF COURSE, I'M RIGHT, HEN! LITTLE THINGS LIKE CHEATING ON YOKES IS IMPORTANT TO HOUSEWIVES!
WELL... HOW ABOUT THE CREAM NOW, HOMER?
I'LL SEE...


THERE ISN'T MUCH IN THE BOTTLE, HENRY... ONLY ABOUT A QUARTER OF AN INCH!
I KNOW, HOMER! WE'LL FILL IT UP WITH MILK! NOBODY WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE AFTER IT'S WHIPPED!
THERE YOU ARE, HEN... NOW WHAT ELSE?
ONE TEASPOON OF VANILLA.
WE'LL THROW IT IN WITH THE EGGS...IT'LL BE EASIER TO CARRY THAT WAY.
YES...IT'S ALL GOING TO BE MIXED TOGETHER ANYWAY.
NOW WHAT ELSE?
TWO 9-INCH LAYER PANS.
AND HURRY, WILL YOU, HOMER?
NOPE--THIS ONE IS ONLY 8-INCHES.
MEASURE THIS ONE, HOMER!
HURRY!
THEY'RE ALL EITHER EIGHT INCHES OR TEN INCHES!
GEE WHIZ! WHAT LUCK!
I GOT IT, HENRY! WHY CAN'T YOU USE AN EIGHT INCHER AND A TEN INCHER? IT ADDS UP TO EIGHTEEN INCHES!
AND TWO 9-INCHERS WOULD ADD UP TO EIGHTEEN! THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA, HOMER!
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, HOMER!
JUST DON'T FORGET TO RETURN THOSE THINGS, HENRY.

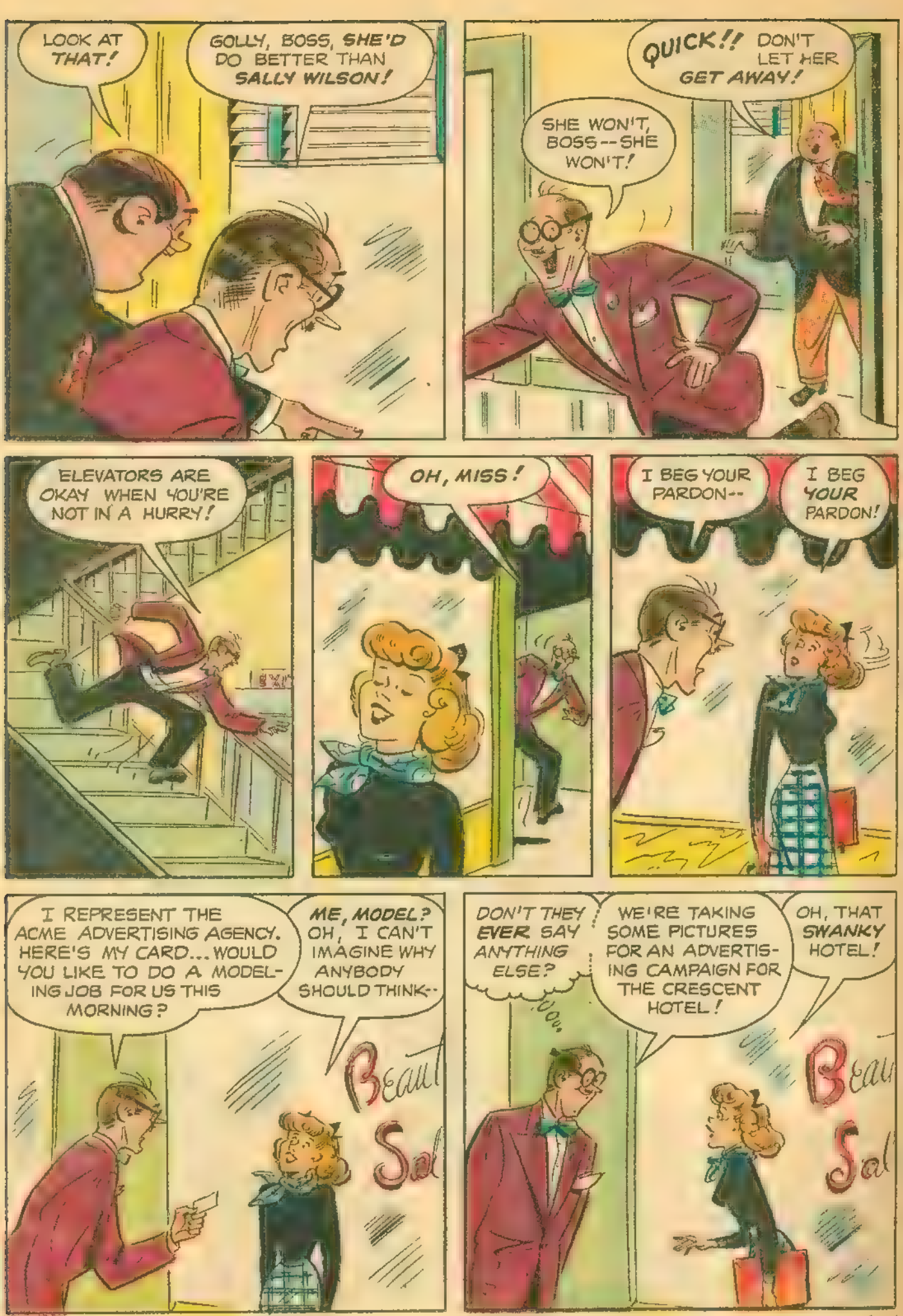

GOSH, IT'S AWFULLY LATE! I'VE JUST GOT TO GET THIS THING FINISHED BEFORE MOTHER COMES HOME!
MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE DENTIST FOUND MORE THINGS WRONG WITH MOTHER'S TEETH THAN SHE EXPECTED!
GEE WHIZ! THERE'S MOTHER AND FATHER GOING IN NOW!
WHAT LUCK!!
IT WON'T BE ANY FUN FINISHING THE CAKE NOW...
...AND BESIDES, MOTHER WILL PROBABLY WANT TO TAKE OVER...
THAT CAKE WAS MADE RIGHT HERE, SAM! LOOK AT THE MIXING BOWL AND--
AND THE OVEN IS STILL WARM, ALICE!
HENRY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

I KNOW YOU'LL THINK IT'S SILLY, MOTHER, BUT... I WAS MAKING A STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE...
THEN YOU MADE IT!
HUH?
IT'S LOVELY, HENRY! I COULDN'T DO BETTER MYSELF!
VERY PROFESSIONAL!
I-I-I-
THIS IS THE NICEST SURPRISE!
DO WE HAVE TO WAIT TILL DINNER, MOTHER?
GEE WHIZ!!
HOW COULD?
I DIDN'T BAKE ANY CAKE!
I'LL... HIDE THIS STUFF UNDER MY BED WHILE I TRY TO FIGURE THINGS OUT...
I'M SURE I DIDN'T BAKE THAT CAKE!
HEY!


WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
LEGGO!
YOU'RE THE KID WHO SOLD ME THOSE STRAWBERRIES!
YEH! AND BAKED THAT CAKE, TOO!
YOU--YOU--??
YEH! YOU WERE DOIN' EVERYTHING WRONG! YOU WOULDA MADE A MESS OUT OF IT!
BUT... HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE ?
I NEVER GOT OUT! WHEN YOU CHASED ME, I COULDN'T OPEN THE DOOR, SO I RAN BACK AN' HID BEHIND THE SOFA...
YOU...WERE HERE ALL THIS TIME ?
YEH! AN' I FOUND THE COOKBOOK AN' EGGS AN' OTHER STUFF YOU COULDN'T FIND...
...AND YOU BAKED THE CAKE!
YEH...OUR CUB SCOUT-MASTER TAUGHT US! I C'N MAKE APPLE PIE, TOO!
BOY, WHAT A MESS YOU WOULDA MADE OF THAT CAKE--
IT WAS MY FIRST ONE!
LISTEN, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE NOW! I DON'T WANT ANYBODY TO SEE YOU...
HOW ABOUT A SLICE OF THAT CAKE?

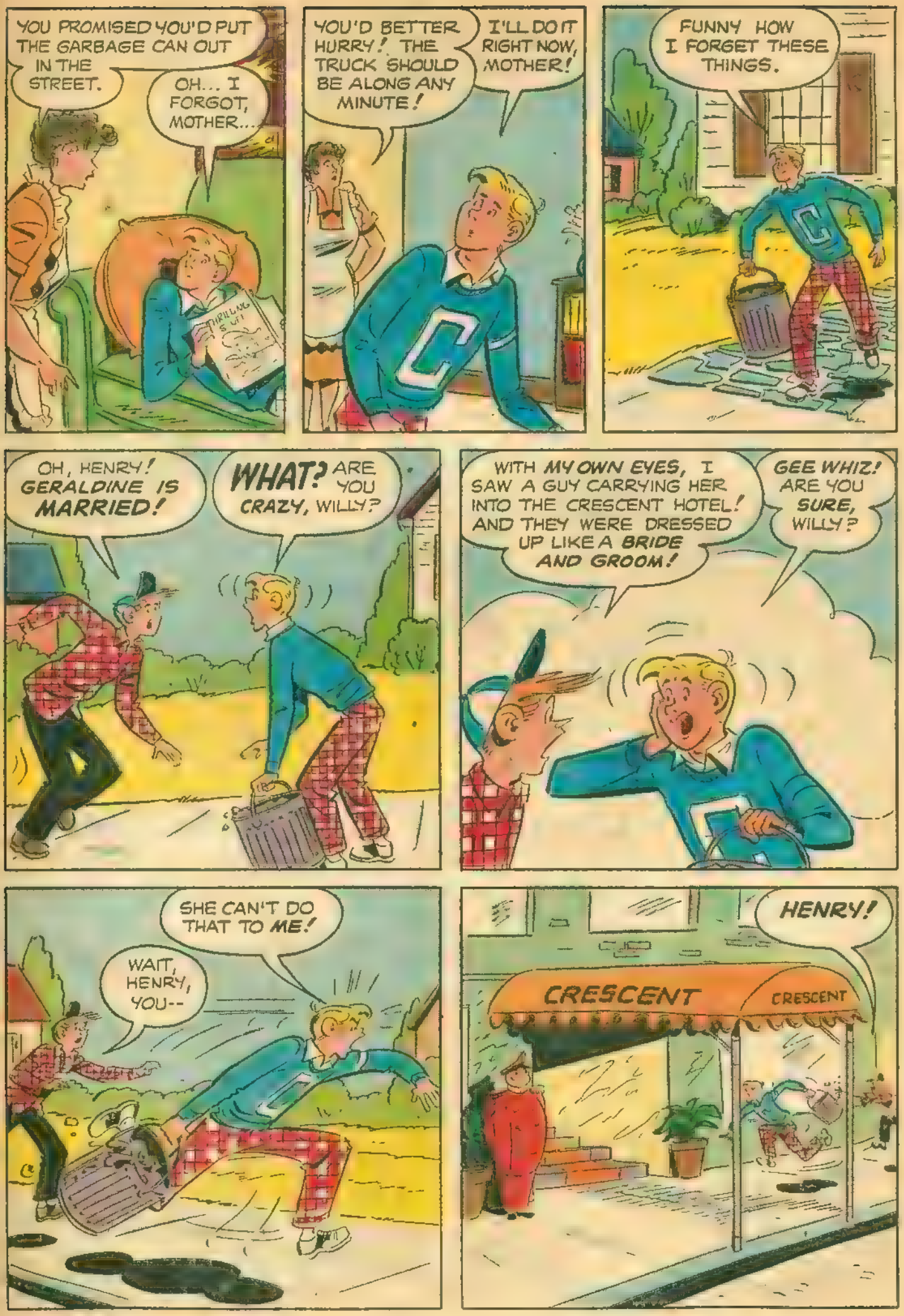
I-I PROMISED A LOT OF SLICES TO OTHER PEOPLE!
I MADE IT!!
SHHH! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN.
WAIT OUT HERE!
MOTHER, I-I'D LIKE TO HAVE A SLICE OF THAT CAKE NOW... NOT FOR MYSELF--FOR A FRIEND OF MINE!
CERTAINLY, HENRY...IT'S OVER ON THE CABINET.
AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUR CAKE... YOU MADE IT!
HERE...
SAY WHAT'S YOUR NAME, ANYWAY?
ANDY.
ER...I'VE GOT A LITTLE CONFESSION TO MAKE, FOLKS...
YES, HENRY?
I-I DIDN'T MAKE THAT CAKE ALL BY MYSELF... I HAD AN ASSISTANT...
WHO, HENRY?
A... FELLOW BY THE NAME OF ANDY...
A NEW ACQUAINTANCE? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM BEFORE.
YOU'LL HAVE TO INTRODUCE HIM TO US SOMETIME, HENRY.
THE END

HENRY ALDRICH
THAT WAS SALLY WILSON! SHE'S COME DOWN WITH A COLD! SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO WORK THIS MORNING!
WHAT? WE HAVE TO TAKE THOSE PICTURES THIS MORNING!
ACME ADVERTISING AGENCY
WE'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER MODEL RIGHT AWAY!
WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO GO RUNNING AROUND LOOKING FOR ANOTHER MODEL!
SALLY WILSON WAS JUST THE RIGHT TYPE, TOO!
RATS!
WOW! COME HERE, JACK!!
HUH?


LOOK AT THAT!
GOLLY, BOSS, SHE'D DO BETTER THAN SALLY WILSON!
QUICK!! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!
SHE WON'T, BOSS--SHE WON'T!
ELEVATORS ARE OKAY WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN A HURRY!
OH, MISS!
I BEG YOUR PARDON--
I BEG YOUR PARDON!
I REPRESENT THE ACME ADVERTISING AGENCY. HERE'S MY CARD... WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO A MODELING JOB FOR US THIS MORNING?
ME, MODEL? OH, I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY ANYBODY SHOULD THINK--
DON'T THEY EVER SAY ANYTHING ELSE?
WE'RE TAKING SOME PICTURES FOR AN ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN FOR THE CRESCENT HOTEL!
OH, THAT SWANKY HOTEL!

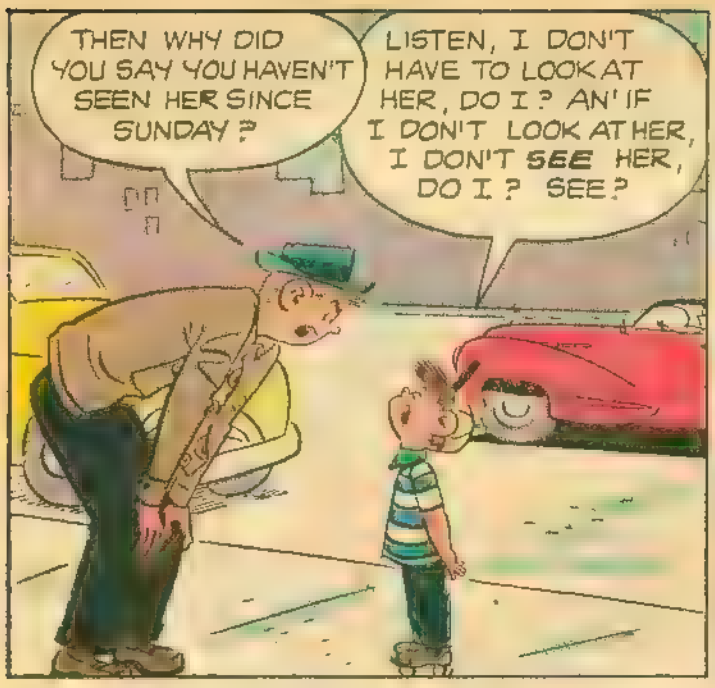
YES... CAN YOU BE AT THE HOTEL IN AN HOUR? WE'LL MEET YOU IN THE LOBBY!
I-I'LL BE THERE!
AN HOUR LATER...
CRESCENT
OH, THIS IS SO EXCITING!
OH, THERE YOU ARE, MISS--MISS--
MISS LOVE! HELLO!
MISS LOVE, THIS IS THE FELLOW YOU'RE GOING TO POSE WITH--MR. WILKES!
HOW DO YOU DO?
HOW DO YOU DO? WHY YOU'RE DRESSED LIKE A BRIDE-GROOM, MR. WILKES!
AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE THE BRIDE! THE IDEA IS THAT MR. WILKES CARRIES YOU OVER THE THRESHOLD OF THE HOTEL...
BUT I'M NOT DRESSED LIKE A BRIDE!
WE HAVE THE CLOTHES, AND A ROOM WHERE YOU CAN CHANGE... MY SECRETARY, MISS KENNY, WILL HELP YOU...
RIGHT THIS WAY.

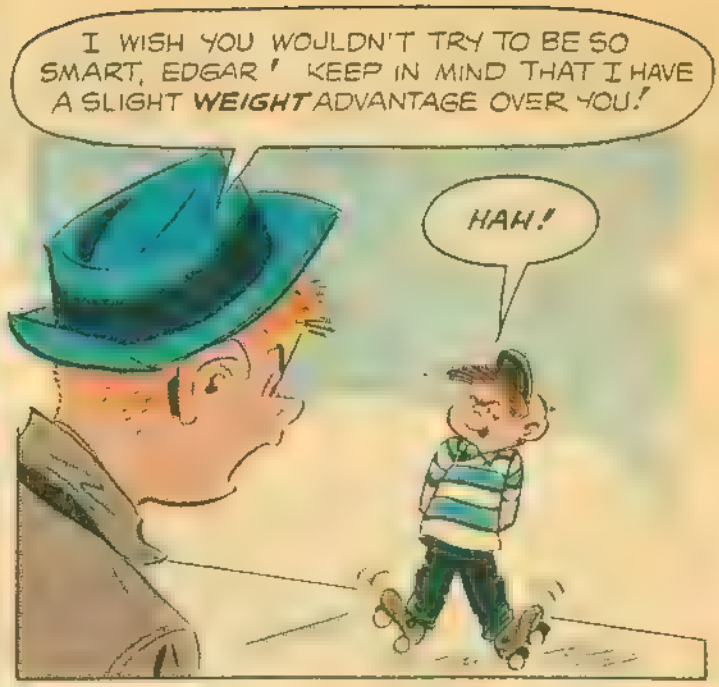
4 WHILE LATER...
HOW DO I LOOK?
LOVELY! GET THE CAMERAS SET UP, BOYS!
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE FOLDS OF THE DRESS JUST RIGHT.
...AND THE VEIL.
NOW START WALKING IN, MR. WILKES...
GOSH!
WE'LL TAKE ANOTHER SHOT JUST TO MAKE SURE... THEN WE'LL TAKE ONE IN THE LOBBY.
WAIT'LL HENRY HEARS ABOUT THIS!
HENRY?
YES, MOTHER?

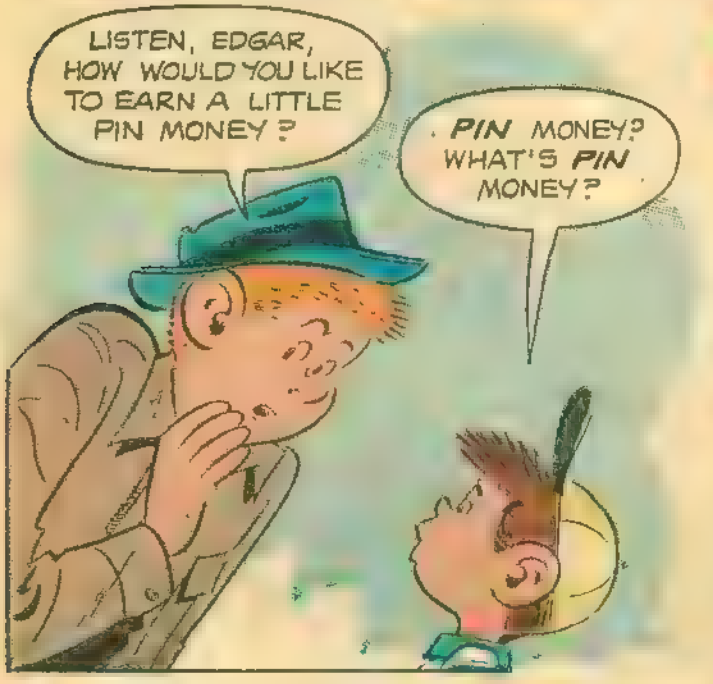

YOU PROMISED YOU'D PUT THE GARBAGE CAN OUT IN THE STREET.
OH... I FORGOT, MOTHER...
THRILLING SUE!
YOU'D BETTER HURRY! THE TRUCK SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE!
I'LL DO IT RIGHT NOW, MOTHER!
FUNNY HOW I FORGET THESE THINGS.
OH, HENRY! GERALDINE IS MARRIED!
WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY, WILLY?
WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW A GUY CARRYING HER INTO THE CRESCENT HOTEL! AND THEY WERE DRESSED UP LIKE A BRIDE AND GROOM!
GEE WHIZ! ARE YOU SURE, WILLY?
SHE CAN'T DO THAT TO ME!
WAIT, HENRY, YOU--
HENRY!
CRESCENT
CRESCENT

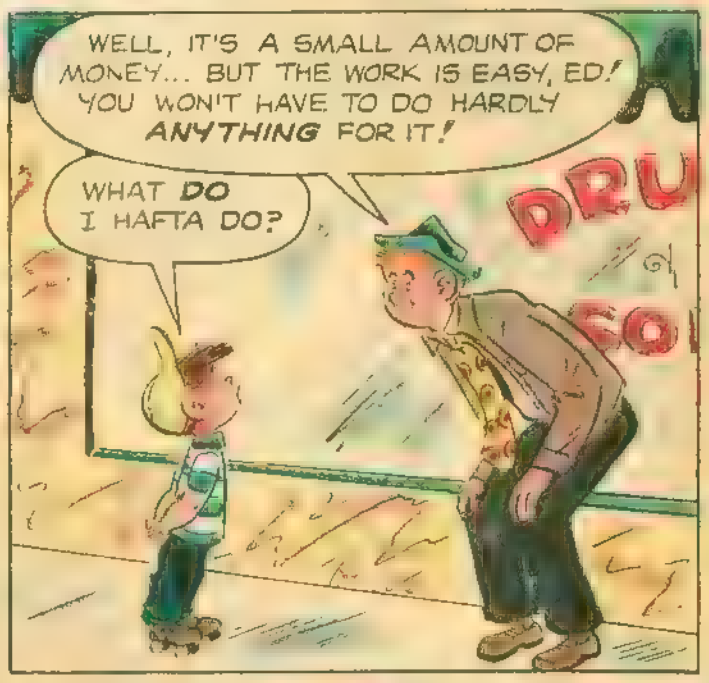
HEY! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING WITH THAT CAN?
I--I TRIED TO TELL HIM--
"THAT'S FINE! YOU CAN SNAP THAT, JOE.
LELEY
HEY!
BONK!
HENRY!
UH--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YOU--YOU--
LATER... GERALDINE SAID SHE'D NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN... BUT I DON'T MIND AS LONG AS SHE'S NOT MARRIED!!
THE END

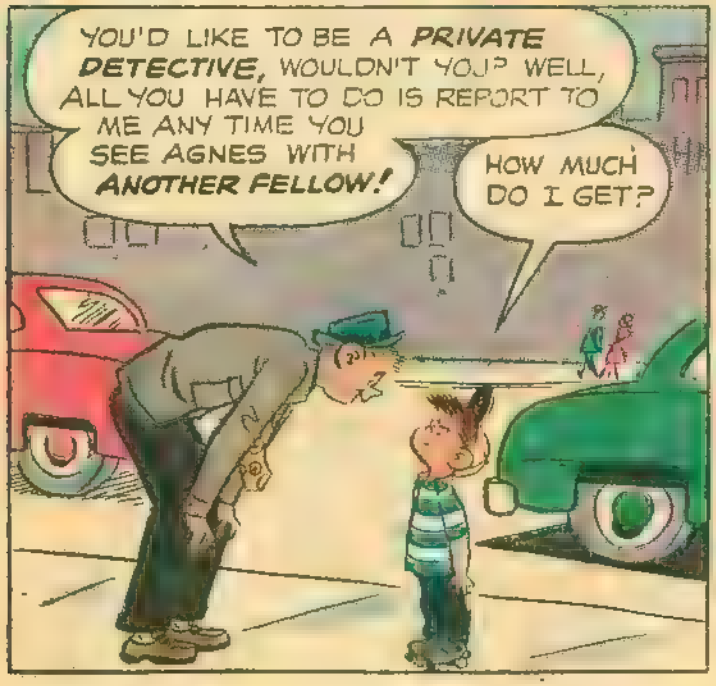
Homer
THERE'S AGNES' KID BROTHER, EDGAR...
HI, ED!
HI, HO!
SODAS
SPECIAL TO DAY
LEMON-KETCHUP SUNDAE
SEEN AGNES LATELY?
OF COURSE! I'M LIVIN' WITH HER, AIN'T I?
I KNOW THAT, EDGAR! I MEAN HAVE YOU SEEN HER VERY LATELY?
HMM... LET ME THINK... WAS IT LAST SUNDAY?
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE LAST SUNDAY?? WH-WHERE DID SHE GO?
SHE DIDN'T GO ANY-WHERE! SHE'S HOME!


THEN WHY DID YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE SUNDAY?
LISTEN, I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK AT HER, DO I? AN' IF I DON'T LOOK AT HER, I DON'T SEE HER, DO I? SEE?


I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TRY TO BE SO SMART, EDGAR! KEEP IN MIND THAT I HAVE A SLIGHT WEIGHT ADVANTAGE OVER YOU!
HAH!


LISTEN, EDGAR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN A LITTLE PIN MONEY?
PIN MONEY? WHAT'S PIN MONEY?

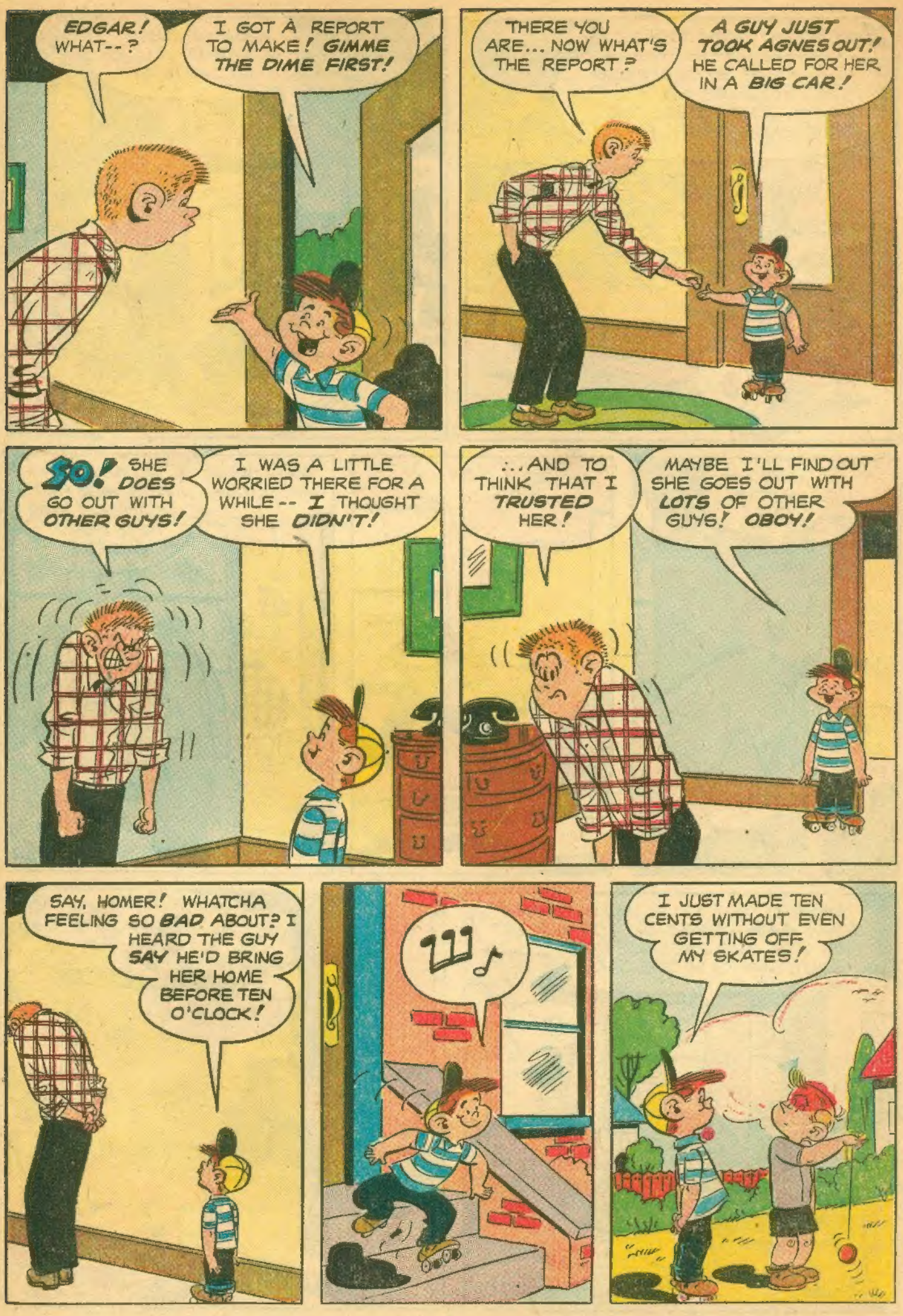

WELL, IT'S A SMALL AMOUNT OF MONEY... BUT THE WORK IS EASY, ED! YOU WON'T HAVE TO DO HARDLY ANYTHING FOR IT!
WHAT DO I HAFTA DO?

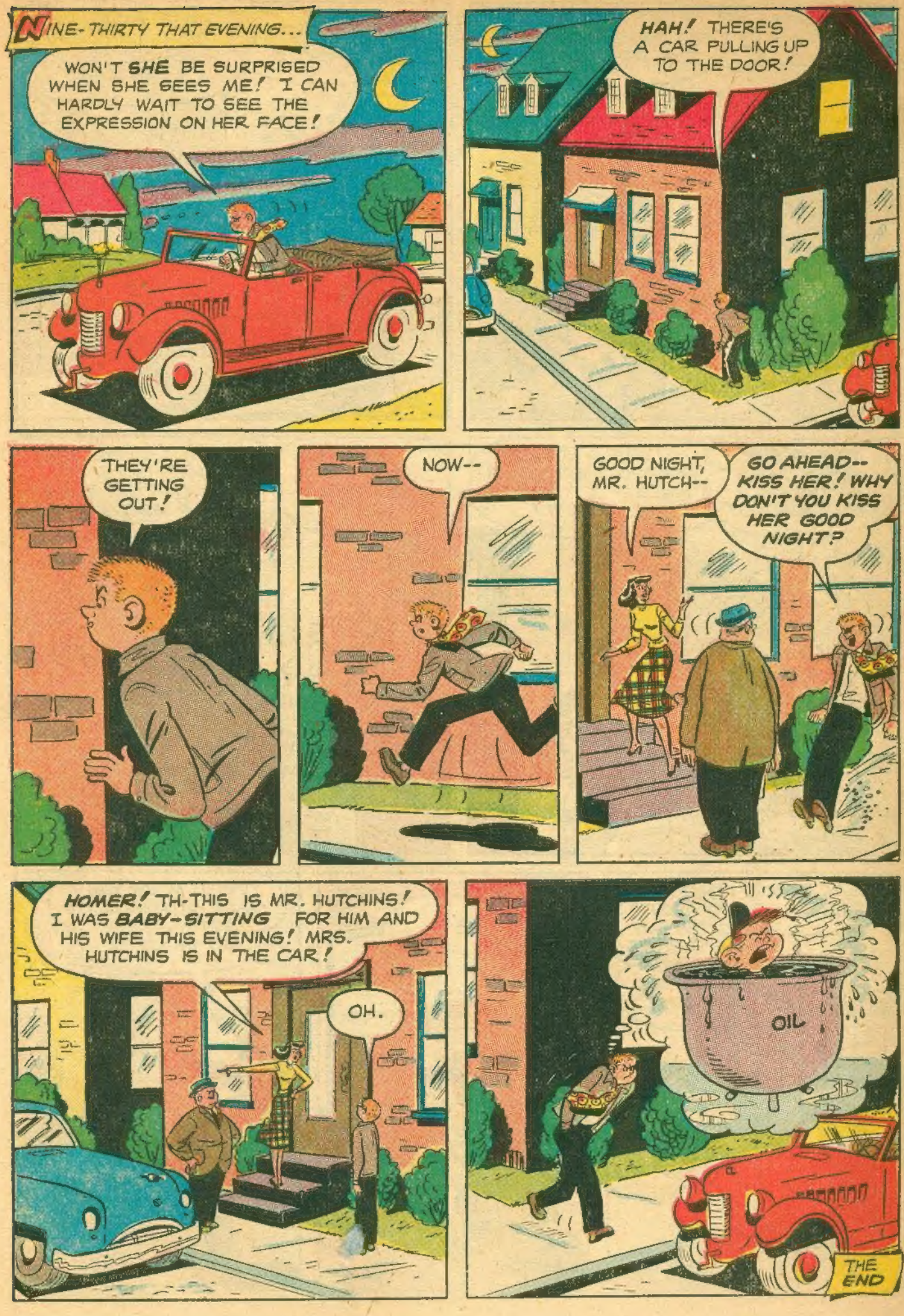

YOU'D LIKE TO BE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, WOULDN'T YOU? WELL, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS REPORT TO ME ANY TIME YOU SEE AGNES WITH ANOTHER FELLOW!
HOW MUCH DO I GET?

TEN CENTS FOR EVERY REPORT.
TEN CENTS FOR EVERY GUY I SEE HER WITH, EH?
DRUG
&
SODA

THAT'S RIGHT... AND LISTEN, ED, PLEASE DON'T BREATHE A WORD OF THIS TO ANYONE-- ESPECIALLY AGNES!
DON'T WORRY, HO!
YOU ARE NOW A PRIVATE EYE IN THE EMPLOY OF HOMER BROWN!
I'LL GET TO WORK RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!
BOY, WHAT AN EASY WAY TO EARN A DIME!
HEY! WAIT A MINUTE--
I KNEW THERE WAS A CATCH TO IT! I'VE NEVER SEEN AGNES WITH ANY OTHER GUY BUT HOMER!
MAYBE I CAN TALK HER INTO GOING OUT WITH ANOTHER GUY!
AGNES, HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF GETTING A NEW BOY FRIEND?
WHY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HOMER, EDGAR?
OH .. I DUNNO... HE JUST ISN'T THE KINDA GUY I'D LIKE TO HAVE FOR A FATHER-IN-LAW!

RING!
THE DOORBELL! THAT'S PROBABLY MR. HUTCHINS!
COME IN, MR. HUTCHINS! I'LL BE READY IN A MINUTE!
YOU'RE MRS. LAWSON... HOW DO YOU DO...
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. HUTCHINS?
I PROMISE TO HAVE YOUR DAUGHTER HOME BY TEN, MRS. LAWSON
FINE, MR. HUTCHINS!
WOW!
OBOY!
AM I LUCKY!
HOMER! HOMER! I GOT A REPORT TO MAKE!
BANG! BANG!


EDGAR! WHAT--?
I GOT A REPORT TO MAKE! GIMME THE DIME FIRST!
THERE YOU ARE... NOW WHAT'S THE REPORT?
A GUY JUST TOOK AGNES OUT! HE CALLED FOR HER IN A BIG CAR!
SO! SHE DOES GO OUT WITH OTHER GUYS!
I WAS A LITTLE WORRIED THERE FOR A WHILE -- I THOUGHT SHE DIDN'T!
...AND TO THINK THAT I TRUSTED HER!
MAYBE I'LL FIND OUT SHE GOES OUT WITH LOTS OF OTHER GUYS! OBOY!
SAY, HOMER! WHATCHA FEELING SO BAD ABOUT? I HEARD THE GUY SAY HE'D BRING HER HOME BEFORE TEN O'CLOCK!
I JUST MADE TEN CENTS WITHOUT EVEN GETTING OFF MY SKATES!


NINE-THIRTY THAT EVENING...
WON'T SHE BE SURPRISED WHEN SHE SEES ME! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE!
HAH! THERE'S A CAR PULLING UP TO THE DOOR!
THEY'RE GETTING OUT!
NOW--
GOOD NIGHT, MR. HUTCH--
GO AHEAD-- KISS HER! WHY DON'T YOU KISS HER GOOD NIGHT?
HOMER! TH-THIS IS MR. HUTCHINS! I WAS BABY-SITTING FOR HIM AND HIS WIFE THIS EVENING! MRS. HUTCHINS IS IN THE CAR!
OH.
OIL
THE END

(Continued from inside front cover)

The boys were just easing themselves and their bundles out the back door of the gym when a voice cracked, "All right there, you two . . . !"

It was the police!

Henry tried to explain but the policeman laughed. "Well, son, that's odd. Your laundry is closed and moreover those so-called uniforms you're taking happen to be clean towels, see!"

Homer and Henry looked again. Towels they were!

Coach Allen was eventually called down to the police station to free the "suspects."

"Aldrich," he fumed, "get those uniforms clean by tomorrow or else . . . !"

So the lights burned late that night in the Aldrich cellar. In fact, the Aldrich washing machine was heard well into the early hours of the morning.

Next day dawned on twenty-two dripping football uniforms hung in the Aldrich backyard. Henry was awakened by a call from Coach Allen.

"Yes, I got them clean and they'll be delivered before the game," Henry answered.

When Homer arrived, he thoughtfully felt the uniforms.

"These'll never be dry in time," he announced, and proceeded to carry them back into the cellar and to light the furnace. This dried them out fine but at considerable discomfort to the Aldrich family as it was a very warm day.

About twelve, Coach Allen called again, "Listen, Aldrich, where are those uniforms?"

"Coming right down, Coach," said Henry. "I'm leaving home now!"

But, unfortunately, Henry had neglected to inform his father that he had loaded the clean uniforms into the back seat of the family car. And Mr. Aldrich had just driven off with them!

Henry was desperate . . . then he got an idea and rushed to the telephone.

Mr. Aldrich had reached the city limits when he was overtaken and stopped by a police car. Out got Henry, and quickly transferred the uniforms.

"What in tarnation . . ." Mr. Aldrich began.

"Sorry, Father, I'll explain later. We're in an awful hurry . . . !"

And with siren screaming, the police car wheeled around and raced back into Centerville.

* * * * *

Coach Allen held his head in his hands. The Centerville team stood around sadly. They were dressed in tattered sweat shirts, jeans, old khaki pants, and odd-colored sweaters.

The game was to start in ten minutes . . .

Suddenly, with the wail of a siren, a police car roared onto the field. The crowd gasped, but up rose a cheer from Centerville when out piled Henry Aldrich and two policemen loaded down with bright clean crimson football uniforms!

Henry was quite the hero and even Geraldine was proud of him, for with this spark to set them off, the Centerville team won 27-0!

Needless to say, there was no mention of why the uniforms were so late. And Henry was subsequently given a position on the scrub team. Coach Allen felt he would be "more valuable" in that capacity.